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The World Without Stalin

WHAT are the prospects of Russia — and the world—without Stalin? The past is reasonably clear. Stalin's vast achievements are beyond dispute. Many first-hand accounts confirm the popular portrait of an extraordinary human being. A Communist with a sense of humour, even if a macabre one, is indeed a rarity. His outstanding characteristics have always been an iron will, an utter ruthlessness in pursuit of his ends, and a cunning patience which would wait ten or twenty years for victory or revenge over an opponent. His power depended on control of the Party machine.

His first and decisive victory was over Trotsky: he decreed that the Soviet Revolution should not be endangered by revolutionary attempts in countries where Russia could not dominate. Power was his only criterion. Whether he ever asked "How many divisions has the Pope?" is immaterial. It represents a point of view which was naturally acquired by a man whose word was law over the vast area of the Soviet Union; who had never seen, as even Lenin did, the advantages of even moderate opposition within the Party; who had rarely crossed the frontiers of the U.S.S.R.; who believed that he was the servant of history to be judged only by the might and invincibility of Communist Russia. That alone mattered; for that he developed from 1928 onwards the industrial potential of the Urals and collectivised Soviet agriculture at a staggering human cost. He could claim—and the claim poses one of the greatest historical questions—that Soviet resistance to the Wehrmacht in 1941 could not have been achieved by any less ruthless policy. He cared nothing for the devotion of followers anywhere except in so far as they were useful to Russia. He was indifferent to the fate of those who fought for Communism in Spain, and indeed to refugees from any country where Communism did not win. His 1939 pact with Hitler was a devastating blow to the Communist Parties of the West.

Churchill, Beaverbrook, and others who came in contact with him during the war, have all paid tribute to his remarkable strategical and logistic grasp. But his unique contribution was his ability for ruthless decision. If to hold Leningrad cost a million deaths by starvation, then a million must die. He was acclaimed as the Communist authority on nationalities, yet ironically his complete disregard for nationalist feeling outside the Soviet Union, culminating in his miscalculation about Yugoslavia, was one of his two political weaknesses. The other was his blind contempt for every moral principle which fell outside his Marxist ethic.

Since the war, Stalin has been deified in the Soviet Union. We call Russia a dictatorship; according to historic precedent there should now be the beginning of strife and division between rivals for the throne. It has been clear now for some months that the Presidium has anticipated this danger and taken steps to deal with it. Theoretically Russia is under the dictatorship not of one man, but of the Party. If this is in fact true, the personal rivalries of Molotov, Malenkov and Beria can be subordinated to the single aim of Communist strength; in that case Communism has solved the historic problem—succession in a dictatorship—that disrupted, for instance, the Roman Empire.

We shall soon know. The test will be whether, throughout the huge bureaucracy of the Soviet Union, there is today a consolidated and official hierarchy which will continue to serve with loyalty a Central Government without Stalin. The second test is whether the Soviet leaders can remain sufficiently united to command the same respect and authority over Communist leaders outside Russia as Stalin has done. Such speculations will no doubt lead to much wishful thinking in the West. But the wise man will assume, failing proof to the contrary, that Stalinism will survive the death of Stalin.

Trouble in Teheran

Once more Dr. Mossadeq has asserted his supremacy in his tortuous struggle with his old ally Mullah Kashani, after several days of riots and counter-riots in which the only issue that can be discerned with any clarity is personal antagonism. This time, Kashani seems to have been using the Shah as his stalking horse, though any alliance between the pro-Western Court and the anti-Western Mullah can be little

more than a temporary and tactical coalition against Dr. Mossadeq. But there have been rumours for some time that part of the Army leadership was trying to arrange an anti-Mossadeq coup, for which the Shah would be a figurehead. It had so far failed to bring matters to a head for lack of popular backing and also because the Shah lacked the courage or inclination to take a firm stand against the popular Premier. In such circumstances, the conspirators may have made contact with Kashani, in the hope that he could bring mass support to any anti-Mossadeq intrigue. Some substance is lent to this view by Tuesday's arrests of prominent officers and Opposition politicians, and by changes that Dr. Mossadeq has made in the Army and police commands. Government circles in Teheran are now talking of a full-scale trial of the "conspirators," though the pattern of the arrests is further complicated by the detention of many Tudeh supporters, who were rioting less in favour of Mossadeq than against Kashani and the Shah. It is hard to trace any clear political significance in these complicated manœuvres, partly because purely personal antagonisms and ambitions play so large a part in Persian politics, and partly because the superficial grounds of disagreement may have very little to do with the real motives of the principals in this chaotic drama. All that is clear at present is that Dr Mossadeq has once more demonstrated his ability to out-manœuvre his opponents. It still remains a mystery what he hopes to do with the power he commands.

France and E.D.C.

It is increasingly difficult to say how far the French Government sincerely intends to make good the promise given at Rome that it will do its utmost to push the E.D.C. contractual agreements through the Assembly. M. Bidault—to Dr. Adenauer's declared consternation—went far to tearing in pieces the flimsy agreement reached in Rome by telling a press conference that the French protocols, though they might be styled "interpretative texts," would still have to be made an integral part of the treaty before there could be any question of French ratification. On the other hand, M. René Mayer, speaking in Algeria, tried hard to frighten Deputies into voting for ratification by drawing an alarming picture of the alternative. Failing E.D.C., he argued, France would be faced, not with a neutralised, unarmed Germany, but with a German national army; the safeguards implicit in General de Gaulle's solution—a Grand Alliance of West European Powers—would be quite inadequate for French security against renewed German aggression.

There is clearly great ambivalence in the attitude of the French Cabinet. Some Ministers probably calculate that, if the E.D.C. project founders, and Germany, perhaps as a full member of Nato, is rearmed with America's blessing, France can extract in compensation not merely more American dollars but ampler guarantees from Britain than are so far forthcoming, that British forces will be maintained in Europe unconditionally for a prescribed period at a guaranteed minimum level. Against this, the growing signs that French refusal to ratify would be regarded with complacency by a majority in the Bonn Bundestag might make the Assembly chary of rejecting E.D.C. out of hand—if, indeed, there were to be an early vote. But the chances are that the Assembly debate will be postponed for months.

The Austin Strike

The strike at the Austin works at Birmingham is unusual—for these days—in being "official": that is, in having been fully sanctioned by the unions directly involved. The shop steward whose dismissal—or rather non-re-engagement—brought it about belongs to the National Union of Vehicle Builders; and only the members of that union are on strike, though many members of other unions have been thrown out of work by the stoppage. These others are able to claim unemployment benefit as long as their unions can keep from being directly parties to the dispute—which, of course, means that they must be prepared to work as long as work is available for them. Until a few days ago it appeared that the strike enjoyed the benevolence, though not the formal support, of the other unions; but now the Transport and General Workers, who have a large membership among the less skilled employees at Austin's, have announced their secession from the Joint Shop Stewards' Committee and their intention of trying to constitute a rival body. The dismissed convenor of shop stewards is said to be a former Communist, and the Joint Committee is said to be under Communist influence. Whether, or how far, this is the case we do not pretend to know; but an impossible situation is bound to arise if rival shop stewards' committees are allowed to grow up, with one group of unions seeking to ban all Communists and fellow-travellers from holding any sort of office and other unions refusing to enforce any such ban, and with the first group of unions refusing to co-operate in joint workplace committees with the second. This is an issue which the whole trade union movement will need to face if the action at the workplace level—which is now of the greatest importance—is not to be stultified.

Protests from Burma

A year ago a Burmese delegate protested to the First Committee of the United Nations in Paris that his country would never be a base for any attack on Communist China or any other kind of China. The Burmese leaders now say that the Nationalist Chinese troops within their country have recently increased to 10,000; that these Kuomintang troops are working with the Karens, and that they are reinforced and supplied from Formosa with the aid, they believe, of American privateers, if not with that of the Pentagon. Eisenhower's "let Asians fight Asians" declaration has now been followed up by public encouragement to the Kuomintang to increase its attacks on the Chinese mainland. It is not surprising, then, that the Burmese Cabinet foresees an ugly situation developing on its frontiers and has decided to get the whole question discussed by the United Nations. They are to publish a detailed chronology of Kuomintang aggression on their territory and appealing to America for aid in stopping it. It will be interesting to see what the Nationalist Chinese delegate, who still has a seat representing Formosa, has to say to the indictment.

Germany's Refugees

During last week the stream of refugees from Eastern Germany swelled into an unmanageable flood, and the authorities in West Berlin are quite right in demanding that the Bonn Government and the Western Powers should make up their minds how they are going to deal with what is becoming a mass migration. For obvious reasons—there are already 9 million refugees in Western Germany—Western propaganda has done everything possible to discourage the movement, and the refugees themselves must be aware both of the bleak reception they get in the emergency camps of West Berlin and of the ruthless sifting that takes place before anyone is accepted and flown into Western Germany. Yet, despite these deterrents, the numbers grow daily, as more and more East Germans decide to leave everything behind and fly before the escape gate is closed. Who are these refugees? To what social classes do they belong? What motives impel them to this desperate remedy? What picture do they bring with them of conditions in the Eastern zone? Evelyn Anderson has just returned from Berlin after a careful investigation of the camps, including interrogation of many refugees. We begin next week the publication of her report.

NAIROBI

The African Side

A Correspondent in Kenya writes: By twenty-four votes to thirteen, the Legislative Council of Kenya has rejected an African motion seeking freedom for African Members to hold meetings with their people. The Government has declared that "for security and operational reasons" it cannot allow such meetings of Africans, of any tribe, but that individual African Members are not barred from applying for permission to hold a particular meeting. Whether such permission can be granted would depend on the names of speakers, the agenda, the size of the crowd expected, the locality of the meeting and, of course, "operational and security" considerations.

Mr. S. V. Cooke (Coast), who was the only European Member to support the African motion, declared that the Government had taken one of its unwisest decisions; it showed that the Government had no trust in the African Members who, incidentally, were its own nominees on the Council. Mr. Cooke reminded the Government of the large European crowd which "got out of hand" during the recent demonstration at Government House, and said he had nowhere heard that, as a result, Europeans would no longer be permitted to meet freely.

In rejecting this motion, the Government does not seem to have realised that the offer of the African Members to hold public meetings with their people was a very courageous one, for it is no easy matter for anyone today to stand face to face with Mau Mau adherents in the open and denounce their movement. Besides, the "security" argument of the Government does not sound quite convincing in African ears. In the Nyanza Province recently the local District Commissioner agreed to African legislators holding a meeting. Notices were sent out and a crowd of about 2,000 Africans had gathered to listen to their Member. At the last minute the D.C. had second thoughts and withdrew the permission. He offered police assistance to the Member in getting the crowd to disperse quietly. But the African leader declined such assistance and was

able without difficulty to disperse what might have been his audience.

The ban on African meetings gives the African people a most acute sense of frustration and injustice. Above all, the Government's decision lacks appreciation of the elementary fact that only Africans can call off the Mau Mau, and that no amount of police action can by itself bring lasting peace to Kenya. In moving this motion on free assembly, Mr. W. W. Awori gave a promise to the Government that, if the African leaders were allowed free access to their people, Mau Mau terrorism would end within three months. The claim may sound excessive, but it nevertheless held far greater promise than the total effect of the entire police activity put together.

As things are, the refusal of the Government to accede to the African request for free meetings has had the effect of increasing African distrust of the Government's motives. One of the African Nominated Members, Mr. Jeremiah, has expressed the suspicion that the Government's real intention is to make it impossible for Africans to gather their facts for presentation to the Royal Commission. In spite of the Government's denial, the suspicion lingers; certainly the restrictions placed on African leaders in getting access to their people will make it difficult for them to present a thorough case to the Royal Commission.

Another suspicion among Africans is that the Government is deliberately undermining the prestige and influence of the African Nominated Members among their own people. Mr. Awori told the Legislative Council that in his constituency the Chiefs had been allowed to hold public meetings, where strong criticism of the Nominated Members was made. This seemed significant in view of the facts that the Nominated Members were not allowed to hold meetings at which to answers these charges, that the Chiefs were Civil Servants not supposed to dabble in politics, and were highly unlikely to take a line at these meetings without previous Government approval.

NIGERIA

Party Politics Emerge

A Correspondent writes: Any lingering notion that West Africans are unripe for the party politics of self-government seems finally dispelled by the current struggle for power in the Eastern Region of Nigeria. For skill, ingenuity—and even, on the debit side, for glimpses of downright parliamentary skullduggery—the contestants in the Eastern Legislature (and their friends outside it) are apparently on a level with any of the more colourful if less stable legislative assemblies in Europe. The exact course of events defies disentanglement. But the general cause is clear enough, just as the occasion is certainly important. This importance comes not only from the Eastern Region's having a population probably not far short of eight millions, but also from the fact that the Eastern Region is that part of West Africa where the forms of self-government (thanks mainly to the Chiefless structure of Ibo society) have most nearly approximated to democracy, and the process of grafting new institutions has been consequently least difficult. The present deadlock between important Nigerian Ministers and the party organisation of the National Convention of Nigeria and the Cameroons (the party which Dr. Azikiwe founded) offers a fair test not only of African competence to work the new Constitution, but also of African competence to set a new and national objective above personal or regional advantage.

The general cause derives largely from Dr. Azikiwe's tactical error in failing to get himself elected to the Central Legislature in the first general election of late 1951. He has made several somewhat devious attempts to restore himself and his prestige as a national leader; and the last of these, also devious, has consisted in forcing a breach between the up-and-coming leaders of his party in the East, and the organisation itself. While "Zik," a man of formidable energy, has been descanting on the beauties of Moral Rearmament, engaging in the municipal politics of Lagos (politics which tend to put Eatanswill in the shade), and governing his many and growing commercial enterprises, new young men in the East have occupied themselves sternly and successfully with the arts of government. Three of these young men, Mr. Mwapa, Mr. Arikpo and Mr. Njoku, have now filled ministerial posts in the Central Government with great distinction for over a year; and have made it clear, by deeds rather than words, that the old tendency of "Zik" to monopolise the virtues and the credit of Nigerian nationalism is a thing of the past. They have had solid backing from their colleagues in the Eastern Legislature and Executive. "Zik," meanwhile, has managed to regain a large measure of control over the N.C.N.C. machine; and this machine has now turned upon its newly established leaders and sought to oust them. It is a difficult position for Mr. C. J. Pleass, the Lieutenant-Governor, but one which he seems so far to have dealt with in a sense of tact and humour very likely—especially in Nigeria, where tact and humour are greatly admired—to smooth things over in the end.

It may be fairly commented that for a country striving to obtain self-government—and therefore to prove itself capable of self-government—this outbreak of personal rivalry within one of the big nationalist parties is untimely and irresponsible. There is probably a good deal of truth in the complaint, heard regularly from some of the wiser heads in Nigeria, that the new Constitution involved the issues of self-government with far too strong a dose of party politics. Whether this plunge towards fully fledged parliamentary democracy was the best course—and any other course would certainly have carried other and perhaps equivalent dangers—is likely to be shown in the next few weeks and months in the Eastern Region. Nigerian nationalists owe it to themselves to overcome the present crisis as quickly and efficiently as they can.

SANTIAGO

Peron's Quest: Unite and Rule?

A Chilean Correspondent writes: The defeat of President Ibañez's supporters in last week's elections came shortly after Ibañez and Peron had agreed in principle on a Customs union as a first step towards the economic and political unification of Chile and Argentina. Such a union would have obvious economic advantages; politically, it could easily become an instrument of "peronista" domination.

Though one-third of the population is engaged in agriculture, Chile has had to spend a considerable amount of its dollar reserves on foodstuffs, principally beef, wheat, vegetable oils, sugar and coffee. Argentina, however, has almost unlimited possibilities for the expansion of agricultural production and could easily supply the population of Chile with farm products. Argentina's industrial development on the other hand, has been hampered by its lack of mineral resources. In 1951, the value of Argentina's mineral imports was more than 110 million pounds.

But there are several political factors to consider. A Customs Union between these two nations is only part of a greater plan, the end of which is the consolidation of Latin America into a peronista-dominated federation. Peron has already consolidated his power by legalised gangsterism, and it is hard to believe that in his international transactions with a weaker Paraguay, Peru, or Bolivia, he would observe a different code of ethics.

Besides the militaristic undertones of the "peronista" plan, there is the fact that the strongest common link among the three potential "first joiners," Chile, Argentina and Bolivia, is the anti-imperialistic policy (or promises, in the case of President Ibañez) of their Governments. But Chile's government has found it very difficult, if not impossible, to fulfil its pre-election programme for the nationalisation of the copper mines. More than 25 per cent. of the Chilean national income derives from the sale of copper to the United States. Being the world's second largest producer of this metal and having an economy so dependent upon the sale of an enormous quantity of copper, Chile is in an awkward position. It is impossible for any nation or group of nations in Latin America today to absorb all Chile's copper production. Furthermore, Chile's developing industries are dependent upon imports of American machines, spare parts and fuel.

There is also internal opposition in Chile (in Argentina there is no effective opposition) to unification. This opposition is polarised in the extreme Right and extreme Left. The former is represented by a landowning group that would see its interests hurt by the removal of trade barriers for cheap Argentine beef and farm products. The latter holds the view that, because these policies of unification imply no social reconstruction or fundamental reform, they can only be a screen of clever demagogy. The Left fears, too, lest unification be used by the ruling groups to distract public opinion from the pressing problems of an outdated land system and the growing hardships of peasants and workers in the developing industrial society.

Many informed Chileans believe that Peron prematurely announced the Customs proposals on his own initiative; this, they feel, was one reason for the serious reverse inflicted on President Ibañez's supporters in last week's Congressional elections in Chile. The apparent coolness of President Ibañez to the first proposals was largely due to caution; at that time he controlled only a small minority in both houses. His fears were justified on March 1, when popular resentment against Argentine "imperialism" helped the Conservative and Leftist opposition to score a decisive blow against the Ibañez Administration by returning a considerable Opposition majority. Before the election, the failure of Ibañez to carry out any part of his economic and social reform programmes was justified on the grounds that the executive was confronted with a hostile Congress and that this situation would change after March's election when the Government was expected to win an ample majority. Now, faced with a powerful opposition and unable to execute his drastic reform programmes, the old General will find it very difficult to stay away from his sabre.

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The New Statesman and Nation, March 7, 1953

Permanent Counter-Revolution

WHEN Mr. Dulles urged the House of Representatives last week to pass the resolution on "enslaved peoples," he fitted the final piece into the pattern of a new American foreign policy. Ever since General Eisenhower uttered the magic word "Liberation" during the election campaign, it has been clear that the incoming Republican Administration intended to discard the passive concept of merely "containing" Soviet power and to pass to the offensive as rapidly as possible. Containment, as conceived by Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson, had failed to produce early and decisive results—or so the Republicans claimed. It had led to endless frustrations, compromises and expedients. Above all, it had irritated the American electorate to the point where Mr. Eisenhower's promise of quick and positive action won millions of votes.

But the change of policy, which Mr. Dulles has now laid down in such measured terms, is something far more important than an attempt to redeem election pledges and to appease an impatient Congress. Mr. Dulles was making a formal declaration of principle; he himself compared the resolution to which he spoke with the Declaration of Independence and the Monroe Doctrine, and an American Secretary of State does not make such comparisons lightly. In place of the Truman Doctrine, he was offering the United States and its associates the Doctrine of Liberation. Communism is not merely to be halted; its "tidal mud," in Mr. Eisenhower's campaign phrase, is to be "rolled back," and the 800 million people, in "a score of independent nations," are to be encouraged to hope for the end of the "imperial rule" of the Kremlin. America must seek "to dissolve the unnatural unity of Soviet despotism and to return it to its natural and historic parts."

This is far more than a "tougher" restatement of Cold War policy; it is more far-reaching than anything that is needed to show that the new Administration means business; and it goes far beyond anything that America's allies and associates have been willing to accept as the framework of a united policy against further Soviet expansion. It is nothing less than a theory of permanent counter-revolution. Communist theory and practice now find their classical antithesis. Last November, in the *Bolshevik* article which preceded the Communist Party Congress, Mr. Stalin set out the assumptions of Soviet policy. The U.S.S.R., in alliance with China and Eastern Europe, provides a secure and increasingly strong base for world Communism; it will not seek an aggressive or preventative war, but will rely on the discontents and struggles within the capitalist half of the world to destroy capitalism from within. Mr. Dulles, a better Marxist than he knows, has stood Stalin on his head; henceforth, the strategy of Moscow and Washington is to be the same. External pressure and internal subversion are to be joined, on one hand to further the cause of Communism, on the other to make the world safe for the counter-revolution.

This is a remarkable change in the American attitude. In the Truman Doctrine there still lingered traces of Mr. Roosevelt's attempt to divide the world into spheres of influence. If only the West were strong enough, Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson argued, the Russians could be made to accept their share, to refrain from seeking to extend it, and thereafter concentrate on consolidating what they had. Containment was intended to stabilise the conflict of two rival Powers, each strong enough to inflict mortal damage on the other, neither strong enough to secure a decisive shift of the balance in its favour. Containment still accepted, even as a long-term aim, the idea of negotiation between capitalist and Communist societies which somehow had to co-exist: the alternative was mutual destruction.

It is such ideas that Mr. Dulles is asking Congress to repudiate when it passes the Liberation Resolution. His statement was carefully designed to mark a new era in America's world view, and his references to the Declaration of Independence and the Monroe Doctrine were carefully chosen to underline this point. The Declaration of Independence served notice on the world, and especially on Britain, that the thirteen colonies would resist all foreign intervention in their domestic affairs. It took the War of 1812 to show that the revolutionary Americans meant what they said. A few years later, as the United States grew in strength and as Europe was weakened by the Napoleonic Wars, the Monroe Doctrine followed logically. What was good enough for the United States was good enough for all the Americas; if the Spanish colonies wanted freedom, then no European Power could intervene without running the risk of war with the U.S. As the century passed, and as the material strength and the prestige of the United States increased, so did the meaning of the Monroe Doctrine expand. Under Theodore Roosevelt, it became mixed up with Manifest Destiny in Latin America. Under Wilson, when the United States first intervened in European affairs, it appeared as the Doctrine of Self-Determination. After 1945, when the United States had reached the pinnacle of power, it became the Truman Doctrine, which once again predicated American security upon the ability of small States to resist an imperialist Power, though by now the American security perimeter had reached Persia, Turkey, Greece and Korea.

It remained for Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles to take the next and logical step, commensurate with the immense military and economic potential of the United States. They have cast aside the idea that American and Soviet power can ever be in equilibrium; they seem to have discarded the notion that any negotiations can be fruitful which do not start with some Soviet recognition of American supremacy; and they have declared that the only acceptable condition of U.S. security and, ultimately, of peace, is a continual contraction of the frontiers of world Communism. It is as if, in 1825, the European Powers had been told by Tsar Alexander that the security of the Holy Alliance depended upon a crusade against the ideas of 1776, upon the liberation of the Latin Americans and the disruption of the "unnatural unity" of the United States, upon the revocation of the Louisiana Purchase, and upon the restoration of "freedom" to the American colonists. A hundred and thirty years ago, it was the resolute refusal of Britain to countenance such political and strategic idiocy that was one of the main obstacles to such a last fantastic fling by the Holy Alliance.

Mr. Dulles, no doubt, believes that his policy can achieve substantial successes short of war. But it is difficult to see where else it can lead, once all negotiation is ruled out—except on some such basis as that the Communists prefer American world hegemony to the catastrophe of an atomic conflict. Probably the Kremlin would put up with a great deal of frustration and provocation in preference to world war, but Russia is as unlikely as the United States to accept what would amount to unconditional surrender. Yet Mr. Dulles seems to stake all on the fearful gamble that he can achieve Soviet capitulation without fighting for it. If his analysis is wrong, he is laying the foundations, not of security but of disaster.

Mr. Dulles's policy is based on the exploitation of no doubt real frictions and conflicts of interest among the many nationalities composing the Soviet camp. But it also implies that the non-Communist world is so united that it could stand the pressures that his policy implies. Has Mr. Dulles, one wonders, asked how large a part of the Free World shares America's values and ideology and how he proposes to fit the Asian revolution, for instance, into this American Century? He seems not to have considered the fact that his doctrine would automatically break up the British Commonwealth. India, Pakistan and Ceylon are resolutely anti-Communist, but they are also utterly opposed to an anti-Communist crusade. Mr. Dulles's picture of two worlds and no more than two worlds is a myth. If indeed the world were to divide into two warring camps the fight would not be between a Free World and the U.S.S.R.; it would be turned into a racial war in which the coloured peoples would look to the Soviet Union for support.

What of Europe? Even there the Truman Doctrine imposed serious strains on the relations between the West and America. Are the European Powers now to be told by Mr. Dulles that they have enlisted, not for mutual defence, but for a world anti-Cominform crusade? They will be discouraged when they see that this new global campaign is to be accompanied by strategic "disengagement," whereby America will supply arms and atom-bombers, and maintain a mobile reserve of men, while local levies carry the main burden of tactical engagements in their war theatres. Mr. Dulles will be told very bluntly anywhere that he goes outside the United States that, historically, crusades have never been a success and that, whoever wins a war with modern weapons, the end is incalculable. Mr. Dulles's speech was, to use his phrase, "of historical importance, and many consequences will flow from it." If American policy is indeed to be based upon the premise of a militant crusade of permanent counter-revolution, the consequences are likely to be disastrous for all of us, and not at all the consequences that President Eisenhower and his Congress have intended or foreseen.

The Cost of Coal

THREE years ago the National Coal Board had completed its long-term programme for reconstructing the industry whose direction it had assumed in 1947. The national Plan, which had been built up pit by pit, Area by Area, had to take account of the grim fact that two wars and a bitter inter-war period of trade depression, short-time working and industrial strife had left the industry, under private enterprise, under-developed and technically backward. Since Vesting Day, expenditure by the Board on capital investment, either executed or approved, had amounted to some £135m.; but this was essentially an interim programme, to keep things going. No steps had been taken which were likely to raise the prospective output of deep-mined coal annually to much over the 200m. ton level. This did little more than balance rising inland consumption (202m. tons in 1950), and it was only thanks to a contribution of 10-11m. tons from opencast mining that exports (including bunkers) could be sustained, without depleting stocks, at the rate—quite inadequate in any case for the country's balance of foreign payments—of about 15m. tons a year. In 1961-65, it was estimated, inland demand would have risen to about 210m. tons; and it was thought that, at the right prices, there would be a market for 30m. tons of exports.

To meet this total need of 240m. tons a year of deep-mined coal—for it was assumed that opencast mining would not continue beyond 1960—the Board emphasised the imperative necessity of reconstruction and development on a scale which an industry historically made up of small and often faultily-planned units had never known. Faced with the probability that the labour force in the coalfields would decline by about 80,000 in the next fifteen years, the planners proposed that in that period there should be a capital investment (at 1949 prices) of about £635m., of which £520m. would be spent on colliery development and £115m. on "ancillaries" such as coke-ovens and washing and briquetting plants. A score of new, large collieries would be created; some 250 of the existing 950 collieries would be radically reconstructed; and 80 per cent. of the 1965 coal output target would be reached by concentrating production on these pits—with an estimated saving (again on 1949 prices) of 7s. per ton in costs. About 225 "bread and butter" pits would continue in operation, with minor improvements, and 375 high-cost pits would ultimately be closed.

Today there is no shadow of reason to conclude that the long-term Plan is less essential than it appeared to be three years ago. It is true that the secular decline in the labour force was temporarily arrested, last year, by a large intake of new entrants; and there are now only 3,000 fewer men on colliery books than there were in 1948. But it would be an error to assume that the declining trend through wastage in an ageing labour force has been permanently reversed. Moreover, quite apart from the fact that production costs have risen inevitably (but embarrassingly) in conformity with the whole inflationary rise of prices, mechanisation in the form of powered cutters and conveyor-belts has done nearly as much as it can do to increase output per man per year—a figure (be it noted) which has improved in the last five years from 263 to 300 tons. If coal costs are not to act as a brake on exports both of the fuel itself and of the manufactures in whose costs coal plays a part, large-scale development of the mining industry, aimed at gradually eliminating the considerable output now being produced at a heavy loss from obsolescent and uneconomic pits, is even more urgent than it was in 1950.

It is disquieting, therefore, to find that N.C.B. performance is lagging significantly behind the Plan. In a lecture last week to the Royal Society of Arts, the Board's Director-General, Mr. E. H. Browne, gave some startling figures. He showed that, in 1950-52, capital expenditure on collieries alone, when allowance is made for price increases, should have been £138m., to keep pace with the planned programme. Actually, it was barely £88m.; and this figure includes considerable expenditure on short-term projects and portable or other equipment currently needed. Of the score of new collieries projected, two lesser schemes are completed, six are in hand, and five more have been approved in principle. Even more striking are the differences between "approvals" and work actually begun or contracted for. The position last June was that, in the whole period since Vesting Day, expenditure approved in principle for *major schemes* totalled £126m.; but, of this, only £40m. had been spent.

What have been the reasons for this shortfall of planned investment? There is no evidence that either the present Chancellor of the Exchequer or his predecessor has imposed cuts in the programme; nor is there any reason to suppose that the Board has revised downwards its estimate of the output needed and marketable in the 1960s. Indeed, the Ridley Committee put needs at 260m. tons. As for reduction of costs and increased productivity per manshift—their urgency is emphasised both by recent wage increases and by signs of the passing of a "sellers' market" in exports; yet it is admitted that one factor in the 1952 setback in productivity was that there had been too little development work to employ to full advantage all the labour force available at the face. What, then, has gone wrong or proved wanting?

One must be fair to the N.C.B. and, in particular, to the technical staffs of the Divisions and Areas on whom the task falls of designing in detail and executing every project for development and reconstruction. Circumstances, since Vesting Day, have imposed on them dual, almost incompatible, demands: they have been required to exert every effort to produce maximum immediate tonnage and simultaneously to think in terms of long-term needs involving the sinking of new shafts and the planning of new layouts, roads and faces in the underground structure of existing mines. Though they have enjoyed the fullest co-operation and assistance from the headquarters planning staff at Hobart House, this double burden imposed on coalfield managerial personnel was bound to be heavy; and it is to their credit that much, though not nearly enough, has been done in "forward-looking" work. The important thing is that the present lagging tempo of reconstruction in the shape of major projects should be speeded up over the next five years.

Is there a remedy? Though a price has probably had to be paid for the decentralising policy which the Board now pursues, with consequent reliance on varying Area initiative and energy in pressing forward with reconstruction, I should not care to suggest that a short-cut solution is to be found in greater centralisation of the detailed planning and execution of development work: it is a sound principle that the responsibility for this should rest squarely on Areas. The chief weakness discernible—or so it seems to me—in the industry's present structure is the shortage and inadequately recognised status of local planning staffs.

To a large extent this (as I think, impolitic) subordination of the planner is an accident of history: in an industry made up of small operating units, the promotion ladder, under private enterprise, went from colliery manager to Agent, in charge of a group of pits, and from Agent to general manager of the company or combine. Thus the emphasis tended always to be on Production, on day-to-day operational work, as a means to career advancement; indeed, under private ownership of collieries, the planning of development was at best a haphazard, *carpe diem* activity. I question whether the Board has yet sufficiently liquidated this unhelpful legacy. The ambitious colliery manager is still apt to look upward to the posts, first, of Area Production Manager, and then of Area General Manager; the Area planning staffs—which ought to be, but are not always, headed by a mining engineer of high standing and qualifications—are not yet adequately recognised as an equally important element in the industrial structure. It is on the Board's ability and determination to augment and strengthen such staffs—and, incidentally, to make a period of service in them a condition precedent to promotion—that this country largely will depend, if it is to secure, as it must secure by 1960, larger and relatively cheaper supplies of coal. It is useless to ask the miner to sweat his guts if the Reconstruction Plan, which he was asked to regard as the managerial contribution to his new Charter, hangs fire.

AYLMER VALLANCE

London Diary

MR. GORDON WALKER'S speech in the Commons, on Tuesday, on the Queen's "new style and titles" shows that, like Attlee, Malcolm MacDonald and others in the same office, he has become really enthusiastic about imperial technique. He has also the intellectual capacity to make a serious contribution to a developing doctrine. His speech was by far the best formulated expression of the "divisibility" of the Crown which follows from the decisions of recent Commonwealth Conferences. Apart from the Nationalist—and incontravertibly logical—arguments by some of the Scots, the debate was a don's delight, thanks mainly to Mr. Gordon Walker and to his fellow don, Mr. Enoch Powell. Mr. Gordon Walker made the substantial case for the proposed changes, pointing out, in effect, how the Crown is being brought sufficiently up to date to enable the Commonwealth to survive. Mr. Powell, answering him with equal academic perspicacity, pointed out that the effect of this piece of constitutional face-lifting is to kill stone-dead the accepted Tory idea of Empire. The best tribute to his marksmanship was the weighty and meaningless rebuke he received from Sir David Maxwell Fyfe at the end of the debate—the sort of rebuke which is usually uttered only by Emperors to those who draw attention to their absence of clothes.

* * *

No one can blame the Tory press for reporting every detail of the backbiting and bickering between the trade union leaders and the Bevanites on the National Executive. Mr. Deakin's incoherent outburst at Bristol was the latest example of these fraternal fisticuffs to receive the accolade of publicity. Will Mr. Deakin incur the magisterial doodle of Mr. Attlee which was so brilliantly imagined in last Wednesday's *Manchester Guardian* by David Low? I rather doubt it. Mr. Attlee excels as Headmaster in the studious

atmosphere of the Cabinet's Sixth Form in Downing Street. He has never been much good as a Gamesmaster when the football gets out of hand across the way in Smith Square. Indeed he is the prudent kind of referee who keeps clear of the melee until the dust settles.

All the same he won a notable success this week in his handling of the Parliamentary Party. To decide Labour's attitude to the Defence White Paper cannot have been easy in view of the contending claims of Bevanites, Shinwellites, Gaitskellites and Pacifists, but Mr. Attlee succeeded. Last year he split the Parliamentary Party wide open by curtly ordering the Bevanites to vote for an official Opposition amendment approving Mr. Churchill's Defence policy but questioning his capacity to carry it out. This year wiser counsels apparently prevail. And on Thursday Mr. Attlee moved a reasoned amendment which stressed that Defence policy "must be compatible with national solvency," referred discreetly to the problem of overseas commitments and demanded that the two-year period of National Service "should be subject to an annual affirmative order." This ingenious form of words seems to have satisfied everybody. That it should now be considered a middle-of-the-road statement of Socialist Defence policy shows how far the Parliamentary Party has moved towards accepting views which 12 months ago were condemned as heresy. Mr. Attlee may not be a strong, self-assertive leader but he excels at the art of assessing just where the Socialist middle of the road runs at any particular moment and walking precisely along it.

* * *

I am glad to hear that Professor George Boas has organised a fund for the defence of Professor Lattimore, and that a substantial sum is being collected. One of the most shocking aspects of the witch-hunt is that even men who escape all the traps laid for them in repeated trials are financially ruined by them. Perhaps more turns on the Lattimore case than any other. He is charged with having perjured himself by denying that he was "a sympathiser and promoter of Communist interests." An American professor, who in this country might be regarded at most as a mild Liberal, writes to point out the grave danger inherent in this additional charge. It provides a technique by which McCarthyites can smear or imprison every man who supported Lend-Lease, or Unrra, or, indeed, who served in the Administration during the period from 1941 to 1946 when America and the U.S.S.R. were fighting the same enemies. The method is to accuse the victim of pro-Communism. When he says that, on the contrary, he is anti-Communist, he is shown to have supported measures, or administrative policies, that were helpful to the Russians or the Chinese Communists. He is then accused of perjury because he said he was anti-Communist!

The only escape from this trick is for the smeared victim to say boldly from the beginning: "Yes, of course, I favoured the Communists when they were our allies. You accuse me (as in the Lattimore case) of showing bias against Chiang Kai-shek when I edited *Pacific Affairs*. What if I did? The Chinese Communists were fighting the Japanese; the Kuomintang was not. I am always pro-Communist when Communists are fighting on the same side as the United States. Mr. Roosevelt, General Marshall and I agreed about this because we wanted an American victory. Am I to understand that McCarthy and McCarran were opposed to supporting those who were fighting against the enemies of the United States during the war? If so, who is the traitor?"

When the *Burlington Magazine* was founded in 1903 it was the first periodical in this country to make the serious study of ancient art its main preoccupation. For 50 years it has successfully done this, calling on the best scholarship of the time, from Berenson to John Pope-Hennessy, with no regard for nationality. It has achieved great prestige and authority—and all this (as the current number discloses) against a background of steady, and sometimes acute, money trouble. But what gives the *Burlington* its special position is that it has never been a magazine for the virtuoso and the connoisseur alone. It dealt with Negro and Maya art before primitive art became fashionable. It made contemporary art a prime concern—after all, its editors have included Roger Fry and Herbert Read, while today the chair is held by our contributor Benedict Nicolson, who can write with equal force on Old Masters or Young Contemporaries. From the day in 1904 when it dared to call Van Gogh a "great master," the *Burlington* has taken every chance of defending modern art against prejudice and philistinism. It has also taken a lively part in the politics of art: it once raised a useful row over the handling of the Chantrey Bequest, and it has aired such questions as the display of museum exhibits, the purchase of works of art for the nation, the patronage of living artists. It was badly needed in 1903; it is no less badly needed today—a rock of scholarship, taste and common sense in our world of shifting artistic values.

* * *

The Design in Industry Exhibition in Charing Cross underground is a brilliant idea. All day long people are voting to show their choice between the heavy, much-upholstered and gloomily designed furniture of one room, and the modern brightly coloured lighthearted chairs, tables and rugs in the other. The vote is also designed to give an indication whether people are divided on such subjects in accordance with their income or their age. The rooms are exactly of the same proportions and cost exactly the same amount. To my eyes, the modern room with Festival colours and two different, but well-blended, wallpapers, is charming, while the other room with the most repulsive but, I am told, best selling, kind of bookcase and sideboard, is the sort I would not be seen dead in. But I have doubts. Need the colours of the old-fashioned room be so unpleasant? Could not the furniture in the modern room include a couch as well as the very comfortably sprung chairs? I can't help wondering whether some people who see the attraction of the modern room may not vote against it simply because they will wonder whether they would ever get a good Sunday afternoon's sleep in it!

* * *

Saturday morning in Essex began in frozen fog. Mr. Park, who is usually tough about the weather, had to give over pruning because his hands were stiff with cold. The sun was beginning to come out when he came to see me; he said it would rain. "You saw that full moon last night," he said, "well, you know the old saying?"

"Saturday moon and a Saturday change,
Never comes out but that it rains."

"Does that apply to any change of the moon?" I asked. "Yes," he said, "that's the old saying, and it's generally always right, that if the moon changes on Saturday, that means rain." Thinking this over afterwards, I decided that the saying would often be right; this country is famous for its high proportion of wet Sundays. Oddly enough, on this one occasion Mr. Park was wrong. Saturday's change of moon was followed by a weekend that was cold, foggy, warm, sunny—and dry.

CRITIC

BEES IN BLUE BONNETS

The Kingdom of Scotland united to Britain
Designs no rebellion nor treasonous plots,
But claims Queen Elizabeth's style should be written
"The Second of England, the First of the Scots."

Great Britain, regardless of Scottish tradition,
The genealogical error confirms,
But, seeking the Commonwealth's full recognition,
Lets overseas Premiers dictate their own terms.

Self-governing nations, no longer possessions,
Whitehall must solicit with delicate tact,
But Scots Covenanters obtain no concessions
Since Scotland was merged by the Union Act.

Great Britain deferring to diverse opinions,
Submits with good grace to the Commonwealth plan,
Appeasing the sovereign ex-British Dominions,
But the Kingdom of Scotland is not Scotistan.

While the style of the Crown suffers drastic revision
To fit all the Commonwealth into one frame,
The Commons endorsing high-handed decision,
Elizabeth, Second of Scotland proclaim.

The Scots wha hae cavilled create no disorder,
The sticklers retire with a few parting shots,
But bees in blue bonnets buzz over the Border,
"The Second of England, the First of the Scots."

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Despite their lack of honesty the criminal population is just as loyal to the Throne as any group of law-abiding citizens—and they would like to feel that something was being done for them in June.—*News of the World*. (W. Simpson.)

Chauffeur/gardener required, with some ability to blow a coach horn.—Advert. in *The Times*. (N. Martin.)

A call-girl, wife of a colonel, told me: "I only do this to pay my husband's surtax."—*Sunday Pictorial*. (T. C. Batty.)

Politics of American Business

III. The Attitude Engineers

"Towering over Presidents and State Governors, over Congress and State Legislatures, over conventions and the vast machinery of party, public opinion stands out, in the United States, as the great source of power, the master of servants who tremble before it." Thus wrote Lord Bryce in 1888, and almost seventy years later his observation still provides an apt quotation. But in 1888 the implications for politics of a distinct public opinion were rather different. Public opinion in 19th-century America was the mass of individual opinions separately arrived at and spontaneously assembled. There were a few purveyors of opinion, but they lacked the technology to produce a captive audience.

Moreover, the organisation of public opinion had not yet attracted the attention of the property interest; the wars between entrenched privilege and State regulation were fought on other battlefields. The courts of law were taking their interpretation of the Constitution from the American Bar Association, holding, in one case after another, that the attempts of the States to control corporations constituted the taking of property without "due process of law." At the legislative level the lobbyists of business were

especially active in what has been termed "open corruption, openly arrived at." In certain States legislative majorities could be bought and sold with ease, and in the cities the "boss" acted as an unscrupulous if sometimes benign broker between the interests and the voters. Broadly speaking, as the century opened, business enterprise was in safe command of the heights of law and politics; there was, as yet, little to fear from the clamour below.

Since 1900, however, business power has had to retreat to new positions. In thirty-five of the last fifty-two years the White House has been occupied by Presidents who, in the context of American politics, have been relatively progressive. A variety of reforms—civil service, State and city administration, electoral practices—has made corruption more difficult and has weakened the hold of "bossism." The courts have long since bowed to the popular will, and to-day do little more than give judicial sanction to legislative decisions. As a consequence of these decisions, power-getting and power-keeping by organised business requires new techniques. It is increasingly recognised that the struggle between property rights and democracy will be decided not at the political level but at the grass roots, and that ideas, like commodities, cannot be left to the free play of market forces.

This is not to suggest that the older political role of business has been entirely abandoned. As recent newspapers testify, favours from Government are still sought and paid for in the traditional way. At the same time, lobbying by pressure groups has clearly reached impressive proportions. According to a recent report by a committee of Congress, between 1946 and 1950 approximately 75 million dollars were spent on lobbying, and that sum "does not begin to reflect all that is actually collected and spent in efforts to influence legislation." Since 1946, the committee revealed, more than 2,000 people have registered as lobbyists, but again, "in many cases these registered lobbyists are merely Washington representatives for national organisations having large, well-paid staffs throughout the country. . . . Once again Congress and the people are not in full possession of the facts."

While the Washington lobbies include labour, farm, and professional groups, the most important lobbying is done by business organisations. Of the 75 million dollars spent 1946-50, over 32 million dollars was spent by fewer than 200 corporations. In 1949, twenty-two of thirty-five organisations which reported lobbying expenditures of over $50,000 each were business or trade bodies, and two others, the committee noted, derived almost their entire support from corporate or business contributions. It is also of interest that in 1949 the American Medical Association led all registered groups in reporting lobbying expenditures of 1,522,683 dollars, devoted, presumably, to defeating proposals for "socialised" medicine. Three years before, the leader among the lobbies was the National Association of Manufacturers, which spent the better part of 4 million dollars on a determined, and successful, attempt to repeal price control legislation.

Lobbying, in other words, is in itself Big Business; and it will undoubtedly become bigger and more expensive in proportion as it devotes itself to public opinion. For the lobbying of the community is rather more complex than the lobbying of Congress or other governmental agencies. In the first place, it is necessary to establish the prevailing state of opinion with reference to issues of concern. A given campaign to influence attitudes, say, on the question of public housing, will initially determine what percentage of people are for and against public housing, and then correlate the percentages with range of income, educational background, organisational membership, political preference, and other biographical data. The next, and most important step, is to work out an approach to the individual in his several roles. If he is a home owner, stress that public housing will lower property values. If he rents property, suggest that it will raise rents; if he is a landlord, show that it will lower them. It is essential to enlist support from community leaders—ministers, teachers, local politicians and dignitaries, labour leaders, newspaper editors—and to follow this effort with a local and national advertising campaign. Periodically, it is necessary to test opinion results as the campaign proceeds, in order to find weak spots and avoid over-emphasis.

Many, if not all, of these techniques were used by the American Medical Association, which was the first major organisation to give the new-style lobbying a thorough test. Employing a firm of public relations experts, it first set out to defeat a California health insurance plan which had been advocated, not by New Dealers, but by Republican Governor Earl Warren. Each week hundreds of newspaper editorials and articles opposed to the health plan were supplied free to newspaper editors. Material suitable for sermons was distributed to, and used by, several hundred ministers. By a variety of devices people were urged to write their representatives in the California legislature, requesting them to oppose the health insurance legislation; and in the end, notwithstanding the Governor's position on the plan, a majority of legislators did so. The A.M.A., using the same methods, was similarly successful at the national level. "Socialised" medicine, a live political issue in the 1948 election, did not even appear in the Democratic platform in 1952.

The development of mass attitude engineering has had some interesting effects on the public opinion profession. The leading organisations in the field, once concerned with measuring opinion, have shifted the emphasis to manufacturing attitudes. The majority of opinion surveys are now sponsored by corporations prior to advertising or public relations campaigns. In a number of cases, the opinion organisations which conduct the surveys will also direct the campaigns, or aid in their planning. The use of opinion surveys lends an air of "science" to the campaign efforts, and thus enhances both the prestige and profit-making of current public relations, especially the latter. It is not unknown, for example, for an organisation to take an opinion survey on a controversial issue, and use the results to frighten a businessman into undertaking an expensive public relations or advertising campaign.

But more important than the prostitution of what was, originally, a social science device, is the emergence in these developments of concealed manipulation as an important tool of business power. Public relations material that is fed into communications media comes out, not as identifiable advertising, but as the Sunday sermon, the newspaper editorial, the class lesson, or the leading article in a popular magazine. Indeed, it may reveal itself only in the attitude of friends or neighbours, or other persons whose opinions are respected. For at the "grass roots" level, the lobbyist, in a sense, is everywhere, and yet nowhere. In time, of course, his incognito may be exposed, or there will be other lobbyists to challenge him. But, currently, the attitude engineers work for business, and there is no conflict between public opinion and the free enterprise mystique of American Capitalism.

JOHN CATES

On Doctors

THE doings and nature of doctors have historically been a subject of greater interest to their patients than those of politicians to their constituents or even of solicitors to their clients. As it has recently been my lot to observe more of more doctors at closer quarters than ever before, I venture to plead this circumstance as an excuse for setting down certain reflections.

Of these the most outstanding is the quite appalling difficulty of the doctor's job, and the almost insuperable disabilities which beset him when he tries to do it. These disabilities may be treated under four heads. First, that of temptation, and more particularly, the temptation to rise above one's human stature and assume, albeit unconsciously, that of God. For consider: for many of us, the doctor *is* God in spite of what may be his perfectly sincere efforts to resist the alluring impeachment. It isn't merely that nurses and sisters bow down before him; that he is rarely permitted to evince interest in a patient in hospital without a sister standing by in case he should drop an unpremeditated crumb of wisdom, or experience an unforeseen need; more to the point is the abject attitude of the patient himself.

The issues with which the doctor is concerned touch the patient so nearly, his pronouncements in regard to them contribute so powerfully to the patient's weal or to his woe that the most commonplace doings of such a being become invested with an awful significance. "When does my friend take his holidays? What was the hotel like? Did he camp, perhaps, and if so what kind of tent did he use? Did the children enjoy the bathing and the open-air life?"—these are questions which we ask our solicitor, not exactly perfunctorily, but as one taking part in the ritual of polite conversation. But, for me, as a patient, the holiday of my doctor assumes an enormous importance as I look the chosen place up on the map, mark out the alternative routes, and con the weather reports for that part of the country.

And inevitably a lifetime of this sort of thing has its effect upon even the most detached doctor. It is bad for a man to spend most of his life dealing with people who are below par, while he himself is very much at par.

Secondly, there is the overwhelming egotism of patients combined with the fundamental ordinariness of most of their complaints. Many people, normally unassuming, have only to be ill for a period and they show a disposition not only to regard themselves as the centre of the universe, but to regard the rest of the universe as being somehow there for the sole purpose of putting them into its centre. In consequence, nearly every patient regards his sufferings as unprecedented and his symptoms as possessing unique characteristics; whereas, of course, the great majority of complaints run a perfectly normal and well-charted course, and throw up no features of the slightest interest. Between the profound uninterestingness of most illnesses and the sufferers' conviction of their medical uniqueness, it is the doctor's continual duty to mediate. As the innumerable regiment of patients files endlessly through his consulting room, as he feels this one's pulse, looks at that one's tongue, taps that one's chest, he must contrive to appear alert and interested as one hearing for the first time a thousand-times-told tale.

Moreover, he must simulate a memory. The patient, conscious of the unique importance of the events occurring within him, remembers everything and, in his delight in telling the doctor about it, suffers from "complete recall". The patient

can't believe that the doctor doesn't remember too, and his pride is deeply wounded if the latter allows him to perceive that he doesn't carry in the forefront of his mind precisely what kind of tablets he prescribed on his last visit, how many of them to be taken and when. This antimony between the patient's demand to be treated as the centre of the universe and the doctor's natural inability to gyrate round more than a limited number of such centres, is sharpened a hundredfold by the third of the doctor's disabilities, the time factor.

Nothing could in principle be worse than the old system. It is reported that under the Chinese emperors the pay of the police varied with the number of convictions they obtained. If there were no crimes, there were no criminals and consequently no convictions, and the policeman and his family starved. So the police would themselves commit crimes, arrest the first passer-by and torture him until he confessed to what the policeman had done. Having brought the self-confessed criminal to court, the policeman drew his pay. Sometimes the commission of an actual crime was omitted as unnecessary, the conviction, after all, being all that was wanted. Now all can see the folly of making the welfare and livelihood of policemen depend on what Plato called "the evil of the soul", thereby giving them a vested interest in promoting it; but the equivalent folly of a society which made the welfare and livelihood of doctors depend on the "evil of the body" for long escaped notice. In fact, the old system gave doctors an incentive to keep everybody slightly ill; for if people were very ill they tended to die, thus diminishing the number of paying patients, whereas if all were well, the number of paying patients would be reduced to zero and the condition of the doctor to that of the policemen in a crime-free China.

We have now moved to the other extreme, and by requiring the doctor to attend to people whose only illness is their craving to attract attention to themselves, we drastically curtail the amount of time which he can spend with the really sick. Most National Health doctors—it is a commonplace—are grossly overworked. This is a thorny subject, and to enter upon it is to poke one's stick into an ants' nest. Let me, then, confine myself to mentioning the assurance which I have received from a number of doctors that they can't devote to the treatment of many patients anything like the time and attention that they demand and deserve; and that this is partly due to the fact that they must and do see a number of people who are not ill at all, but only imagine that they are ill, or who are able to persuade themselves that in a world that consistently treats them as though they were nobodies, they may assume a temporary importance in the eyes of the doctor who is paid by the State to treat them as if they were somebodies.

Again, doctors have assured me that, overworked as they are, they must keep their panel list at its maximum if they are to educate their children and live in the style to which they consider themselves entitled. The maximum permitted list, in spite of its recent reduction from 4,000 to 3,500, is still large enough to face the doctor with the alternative of taking on only as many as he considers he can treat adequately, or taking on the maximum and hoping rather than believing that he can give each of them such time and attention as the case demands. Hence the hours of waiting in the doctor's ante-room, for the all-too-rapid examination followed by the all-too-conventional prescription.

The upshot of all this is that the lives of many doctors are passed in a constant fight for time, which is also a fight against time, with the consequence that many labour under the knowledge that they are not doing their job as well as it could be done, or as they themselves could do it, if they had more time. Now you don't have to be an artist in your profession—it is enough to be an ordinarily conscientious man—to be profoundly disturbed by the conviction that, for reasons largely outside your control, your actual performance falls far short of your knowledge and ability.

Finally, there is the exasperating nature of your subject-matter, due to the pointed refusal of the human body to behave like a machine. There are times when it seems to have been deliberately designed to make the doctor feel a fool. He gives the patient a bare six months to live and in twelve he is playing tennis. Again, he tells him in August that there is nothing the matter with him, only to see him fall off with the leaves in October. Medicine is not, and never can be, an exact science. Nevertheless, while most doctors—nine out of ten of them being instinctive materialists—are convinced that the fact that the body does not yet behave wholly as if it were a machine is due to insufficient knowledge, there are others who, reflecting upon the implications of its association with a mind, know that it never is or can be a machine. For the mind is a singular asocial indeed. Whereas everything else in nature acknowledges its own laws and behaves in accordance with them, the laws which affect the mind's relation with the body preclude complete understanding and make accurate prediction impossible.

This indeed is the main disability of the doctor—society's requirement that he should behave like a scientific man who can produce certain results in a sphere where the writ of science runs but part of the way.

C. E. M. JOAD

Some Germans Live Well

THE German Federal Republic is decidedly not a welfare State where the dice are loaded in favour of the "working poor" against the "idle rich," nor is it strictly speaking a country of free enterprise as we understand that term. New individual venture based on small savings is not at all encouraged. Since the great turning point, the currency reform of 1948, a system has been adopted which favours *existing* business investments and their accumulation of further capital, at the expense of the wage earners, the higher salaried staffs, the civil servants, the professional classes—in short, of the millions of people living on a fixed income.

Essentials such as sugar, tea, coffee, salt, matches, far from being State-subsidised, carry heavy indirect taxation. Purchase tax as we know it, both as a means of controlling consumption and as a source of revenue, is unknown. Fixed incomes are liable to income tax at source (from which there is practically no escape) while a number of loopholes are open to the private trader by way of the expense account. When I took an acquaintance, a successful businessman's wife, to lunch in Hanover, she asked me casually and quite unashamedly for the receipted bill after I had paid the waiter.

Investments of any sort, whether they be for a cargo steamer or a luxury villa, can also be deducted from current income for taxation purposes. Thus we find ostentatious spending by a small class of people living in conditions of comfort, even luxury, but also millions who, working hard after the German fashion, can scarcely make ends meet.

Typical of the straits of the "respectable" professional class is the case of a woman doctor who has a panel practice in Veddel, a suburb of Hamburg. For a weekly average of 400 visits she receives every quarter DM.2,400 (£200).

After paying for rent, insurance and overheads on her practice (including car) she is left with DM.870 (£72 10s) to cover three months' food, clothing, entertainment. To this, however, must be added a small income from private patients which, in a working-class area such as Veddel, rarely exceeds DM.120 (£10) a month.

Three nursing sisters to whom I spoke in Bonn are far better off because they "live in." They are left with DM.163.75 (£13 12s) a month for personal expenses and saving. (All, incidentally, *were* saving).

My general impression is that the six million organised trade unionists (out of 15 million insured wage earners in the Republic) are far better off in terms of work and pay than their unorganised brethren. The average union wage is around DM.80 a week (the differentiation between skilled and unskilled labour being more acute than in Britain), while the national average for *all* wage earners stands below DM.50 a week. A skilled worker, *e.g.*, in the engineering industry, has a basic wage of DM.78 (£6 10s) which, with piece-work or overtime, may reach DM.120.

When, however, the prices of the essentials of life are taken into account, we see that the British worker is far better off than the German:

Minutes of work taken by average industrial workers to earn the cost of one pound of the following goods:

	Germany	Britain
Bread	12	6
Potatoes	3	4
Beef	75	37
Ham	102	54
Butter	130	56
Margarine	46	26
Sugar	24	9
Milk (one litre)	15	15

Consumption figures for 1951 (based on statistics of the British Ministry of Food and the International Co-operative Alliance) are interesting:

Kilograms consumed per head of population

	Germany	Britain
Grains	98.4	98.5
Potatoes	184.0	107.5
Sugar	27.4	36.7
Full-cream Milk	108.3	157.5
Skimmed Milk	10.8	3.6
Cheese	3.9	4.6
Eggs	7.4	11.2
Meat (all sorts)	36.6	43.5
Butter	6.3	6.4
Fats	15.5	16.5
Soap and detergents	2.3	3.4

"Rationing by price" obviously has the effect that commodities in short supply, especially butter and sugar, are far more unevenly distributed than in Britain. Clothing compares in price with British standards. Simple luxuries are cheap. A good bottle of wine can be taken home from the shop for DM.2.40 (4s). Just before last Christmas the champagne tax was "eased" from three marks to one mark a bottle!

Housing is still the greatest problem in the bombed cities. In the whole of the Federal Republic 6 new dwellings (mostly flats) have been built per 1,000 inhabitants since the war. Pforzheim holds the record with 23, and Hamburg, the most heavily war-damaged city in Europe, can be proud of 16 per thousand of its population swollen by the influx of refugees. In 1946 five Hamburgers lived on the average in one room; today this figure has been decreased to 3.5. Building is not carried out directly by the municipal

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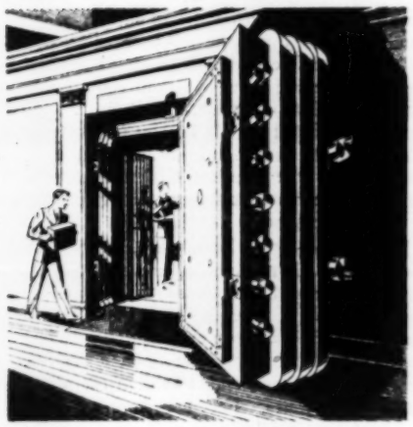

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Somehow it all works. The German economy is very much alive and on its feet. Nobody seems to object to working hard and harder. But the disparities in the rewards are so glaring that nobody can possibly ignore them, and there are unmistakable undercurrents of dissatisfaction.

BENJAMIN CARR

Mountain Bird

THIS bird is rare, a female bird, unknown to ornithologists. She has many names. Mrs. Jones, Camphorated and Mrs. Bitch, Mountain are the two most popular, and she deserves them all. This bird is four foot eleven inches in height, tense, provocative, tight-lipped, stony-eyed. She carries the world's miseries on her tight little back; her fierce little boots, ugly and hard, could—you feel—breast great mountains of iron. Behind the small frame, inside the hugged coat, hugged and clutching, there lies some endeavour of bone. I do not know who gave her these various names, and it does not matter very much. What I do know is that, should one happen to be going up the mountain, she is bound to be coming down. She lives in a bleak cottage, one up and one down, around which in the winter time winds curl like many vicious knives, and in mid-summer it is drenched by sun, but to this bird seasons are unnoticed, they might be all alike. She is at all times aggressive, companioned by a cold in the chest or the head, and by some queer accident her diminutive son suffers at the same time, as though in sympathy, almost one might say out of sheer loyalty. This boy is nine, three foot one, but will never be bigger than the parent bird.

I ruminate on these names, and finally think that Mrs. Bitch, Mountain is the one most suitable. The child with the old face, who might have emerged from a cave, been born by a tarn, would be hard to christen. These two birds are at home with eagles, buzzards, crows, hares and the golden fox. Every morning at the same hour, almost the same minute, I hear the fierce little feet pass by my window, and know that the parent bird is on her way to the village, having come down nearly four miles of mountain path, snuffing the morning air, a hand to her chest, dragging beside her child who, unable to keep up with this ruthless, headlong, somewhat mad yet quite rhythmic gait, trots and sniffs in time with his mother. These feet, as they tear down the road, are signals; their reverberations are carried forward and everybody knows that the two mountain birds are shortly due to arrive. They never smile. Why smile? Never laugh. Why laugh? A man passes by on his bicycle, says: "Mornin', Mrs.," but she does not answer. And soon he is in the village; in the shops, the Post Office, the word is around: "Mrs. Jones is on the way, can't you smell the camphorated?"

As I say, one is going up the mountain, and she is coming down. The conversation runs to pattern.

"Mornin', Mrs. Jones."

"Mornin', mister."

"Looks like being a nice day."

"It'll rain, mister, you see."

"And how is the boss?" This produces the inevitable scowl. I look at the old-faced child, noticing his running nose. "And how is Evan Bach, this morning?

Mrs. Bitch replies for him. "Him's simply drippin' with a cold this mornin', mister, same's me, can't seem to get rid of the bloody thing, never."

"Evan Bach does always seem to be wiping his nose." She does not answer. "Can't you get rid of these colds at all? I expect it's your damp cottage."

"No! Never will. D'you know what, mister?

"What?"

"I'd like to set the whole bloody world on fire, that's what, mister," and the eyes behind the steel-rimmed spectacles look like two hot, tiny stones, the expression at all times fierce, it will never break under a smile. I look at the outrageous hat she has worn for years, its utterly ridiculous single feather, the same old coat. The child holds on, begrudgingly it seems, to the hand not much bigger than his own. The whole set-up is the same, it will last their lifetimes. Well muffled, one might say bound in their clothes, camphorated pads on the chest, pills in the pocket, the harsh smell.

"Listen, mister." But one draws back at once from the threatened confidence, the overpowering smell of the camphorated oil. "Wish you'd tell that swine what his duty is, mister."

"What swine?"

"Sittin' on his backside all day."

"But your father's very old. . . ."

"But he can eat, mister. Not too old for that. Break his neck one of these days, mister, that's what." The final snarl and she has gone, and the dragged child with her, it turns its head and looks back at me, one barely notices it, I am thinking of these people, weird, fell, half mad, poetic and sad.

The male bird is as tall as the female one is short. A bold bird on Saturdays, but cowering on Sundays, since there is no place to sit but in this small damp cottage. He is fifty and looks twenty, unlike his wife, who at forty five looks a near seventy. An odd-job man who never seems to have any odd jobs to do, who has managed, by some cunning, by some singular craft to become the owner of a very old motor-cycle, on which, these late Sundays, he has gone roving to hidden places. He bears Sundays bravely, sitting all day in the dark kitchen; huddled to a smoky fire beside the old man, he reads the choicest bits from the *News Of The World*. His wife growls and he laughs, only the old man is silent. She goes on growling and he goes on laughing, about nothing, about everything, but the old man remains shrouded in his own silence. Into this silence the female bird reads laziness, contempt. Sometimes it can be infuriating, caught as she is between this and her husband's laughing. Evan, a deformed Cinderella, huddles in a corner, a lost corner, his child's eyes screwed up over an old newspaper.

Sometimes Mr. Jones, one supposes in an absent moment, forgets himself, his very nature, suddenly returns scowl for scowl. Then the female bird really breaks out, turns on the silent, slobbering old man. Her husband watches, grinning. The bird yells, chases him out of the house. The male bird, the anchored husband, big, simple, wayward, harmless and hard-working, full of the best intentions, and few bad ones, watches the old man go out, and he laughs. It is a kind of toleration of this creature, this scowling wife, this bird, this snarling bit of life from the mountain. Once out, the old man makes for the nearest tree, up which he climbs and remains perched there, whilst his daughter, fuming, flings up stone after stone. The old man clutches, waits. Later he will crawl down, return to his seat by the hearth. Inside the cottage father and son listen to the screeching mother, Evan hears his father laugh, and, still clutching his bit of old newspaper, in this dark place, and with some vision beyond that of eyes, sees.

The mountain episodes are never lost to the village; by some strange means they reach it, as will the sound of the odd-job man's motor cycle, as he rushes through, bound for unknown regions. It is the hour of escape from the everlasting snarl. Mother and child are indeed a couple of nature's harshest gestures. I foresee a lifetime of hard climbing for Evan, who when he is strong enough, will emulate the feats of his tiny mother, carrying sacks of coal on his back up rough mountain paths, for long miles, in all weathers. The cottage, innaccessible to transport of any kind, requires that they shall be, in the fullest sense of the term, beasts of burden, hewers and drawers of water. Sometimes these birds wear clogs, so that their village approach is more obvious, and once there they pass from shop to shop, the child utterly silent, his mother using the minimum of words. Their errands over, they depart as they have come, sad, mysterious, not wanted, heads bent forward, carrying their bags and cans. "Smokes like a chimney," they say, "and, oh . . . it'd be nice if she smiled once." Puffing furiously at her Woodbine, she drags her child back to the mountain home. One wonders if she has ever wept. They give out no warmth, one thinks of the curve of the Arctic zone.

In the school-yard Evan plays, or tries to play with others, his movements are curiously robot, known to the bright ones as "Evans Camphorated, Sour." Does he even know that he is a child? Mother and son exist as under an ordination, rising in the morning upon a vast sea of misery, and at day's end, tossed in the same sea. Poor Mrs. Jones. For her *nothing* is right, problems are unsolvable, she is the hostage and the victim to life itself, perhaps she suffers from some unknown, hidden and incurable malady of soul. She moves in a kind of twilight and her shadow falls across the child. Life is a series of extremes and dark corners, cul-de-sacs abound. Her questions are always abrupt, not easy to answer. A comment on the election is terse. What did you think of the "swines what has just got in?" Were they any better than "the swines what was just thrown out?"

But once, and once only I saw the child alone, and it was like some sudden visitation of grace. This huddled little figure, buried under his load, a bag strapped to his back, two heavy milkcans in little red hands, struggled heroically over icy

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roads, on his way to the eyrie. There was not a soul about. Then suddenly upon the air there came a tiny sound, one thought of pipes playing in the distance, and when I looked out of the window I saw that the child was singing, a long, low wordless song. It made one think of a robin breasting the winter morning, and the bite in the air. He strode bravely along between high banks, towards the frowning mountain, towards the harsh and miserable parent bird, who no doubt sat in her kitchen, thinking her furious thoughts, housing her horrible joys, coughing, puffing at her everlasting cigarette, wondering about "that world," "them swine," "him sat on his backside all day," her laughing, incomprehensible husband, and all the woes and miseries of the earth. Her world would seem as one vast mountain path, up which she must ever laboriously climb, dragging the child with her, and as they climb hope spirals down.

JAMES HANLEY

The Arts and Entertainment

MILLAMANT AND BRUTUS

BY coming a week late to Mr. Gielgud's *The Way of the World* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, I seem to have been luckier than many of my colleagues. The hesitancies and imperfections of the first night are now ironed out and the production is smooth, uncreased and shining. It is not by any means a perfect production, chiefly because the casting of one of the main characters has unluckily not come off. But it is most enjoyable, thoroughly stylish, highly polished, conducted with great verve, speed and taste, glitteringly alive; and one passage at least, it seems to me, does reach perfection. This is the superb scene in which Millamant at last admits to her love for Mirabell and finally consents to "endure" him. Here we are in the very heart of artificial comedy where wit and raillery rise to the heights of poetry, where pose and manner and poise break out of their frozen formalities and glitter and coruscate in the flashing light of movement. Miss Pamela Brown and Mr. John Gielgud between them catch and hold up to us every single glint and sparkle.

Mr. Gielgud's acting part is comparatively small; it consists in displaying his Millamant's sparkle, in being the perfect setting in which the diamond may most brightly flash. It is the very opposite of showy and none the less difficult to carry with such ease and elegance. Miss Pamela Brown is so pre-eminently a romantic actress that I had anticipated her throwing a false emphasis over the part. But on the contrary, she disciplined her talents to the demands of this polished comedy with what seemed to me an astonishing command. If Dame Edith Evans had not anticipated her in this part, I think Miss Pamela Brown's performance would have been regarded as a supreme one. What superb attack and bravura, what precision and mastery of diction, what absolute perfection of phrasing both in speech and gesture, so that each small passage is rounded off and complete with no untidy ends, what jets and spurts of unforced gaiety springing from a vitality unquenchable yet controlled in the prevailing idiom of superficial indifference! "Very strange and well bred" Millamant is described in the play. And so, indeed, Miss Brown is.

For my part I was glad not to have had my enjoyment of this brilliant performance spoiled by a distant memory of Dame Edith's triumph. I often think that these memories in which a certain kind of middle-aged playgoer loves to wallow—using them often to wet-blanket the pleasures of the young—are very deceptive. We see some dazzling interpretation of a role at a time when we are most impressionable and it becomes fixed in our minds not merely as brilliant, which no doubt it was, but as definitive. Yet no doubt, too, as the years pass, we invest it with an exaggerated glamour simply because it belongs to our own youth. What we may be mourning in depreciating subsequent interpretations is not the decline of present-day acting but the decline in ourselves of that power to magnify experience a hundredfold which is the delightful property of the young. Not that I suppose this to be the complete explanation in the case of those who compare Miss Brown unfavourably with Dame Edith. Dame Edith, we know, is simply incomparable; and we cannot help wishing that she had been able to repeat in this production her performance of a few years ago as Lady Wishfort. That would have been a memorable event indeed. Miss Margaret Rutherford cannot get that formidable jaw of hers round half of Congreve's phrases. Comic business is not enough here. She is drowned in a welter of unprojected sentences. She goes down with all guns firing, it is true: but she goes down.

From all but one of the other members of the cast Mr. Gielgud has succeeded in educing the period grace and elegance. Mr. Eric Porter and Miss Pauline Jameson have caught the manner admirably. Mr. Paul Scofield could afford to be a good deal grander, Mr. Richard Wordsworth a shade more audible, but they make amusing grotesques. Miss Jessy Evans is a spirited Foible and Mr. Brewster Mason a genially insensitive clod. There is by the way, a very marked sag towards the conclusion of the drunken scene which could easily be tightened up. Mr. James Bailey's *décor* shows design making a welcome return to restraint, with no loss of elegance or taste.

The Old Vic have staged a very patchy production of *Julius Cæsar*, which all the same wins through in the end by virtue of the sincerity of the three main actors. Mr. William Devlin who plays Brutus comes splendidly alive in the last half. The first act is altogether a moony affair without life or fire; and falling in with this Mr. Devlin hamletises his way through it; no band of conspirators would look to such an irresolute as the leader of their enterprise, any more, I fancy, than the fiery citizens would acclaim this battered, boring, mangy old mastiff of a Cæsar. Mr. Paul Rogers's stooping and rasping Cassius alone provided some animation. The first spark was struck after the murder when Anthony is summoned to the corpse. Mr. Robin Bailey is evidently unpractised in Shakespearian acting: we know him as a charming dispenser of frivolous comedy. But he surprised us by producing first a voice, untutored but ringing, and then a passion, undisciplined but truly felt which raised the temperature considerably, and the play began to get into its stride. And from the excellently conducted quarrel scene onwards the production succeeds.

But what a curiously uneven producer Mr. Hunt is, mixing the brilliant and the downright dowdy indifferently from moment to moment! For instance, that wonderfully well placed scene where the infuriated mob tear to death the poet Cinna in mistake for the conspirator of the same name, that was extraordinarily well handled: the stripped body huddled head downwards on the steps making a horrifyingly effective curtain. How could a producer who had brought off this stroke be content with a central murder scene which was shoddy almost to the point of the laughable? I wonder, too, how Mr. Hunt could have allowed himself to be saddled with the hampering clothes the designer thought up. They were a continuous handicap.

The *Five Philadelphia Physicians* would hardly be worth mentioning except that it gives us another interesting performance from Mr. Mark Dignam. The play retails a contemporary incident in the life of the Wandering Jew who has come to a Southern state in order to assist at a lynching. The contemporary incident is tautly told; but all too audible in the background is the creaking of the door the Third Floor Back and the whistle of the steamer Outward Bound.

I have not left myself space to do justice this week to the brilliant production of Strindberg's *The Father* at the Arts. Mr. Wilfred Lawson and Miss Beatrix Lehmann give a superlative rendering of this terrifying play. We are unlikely to see it better done in our lifetime and those with strong nerves and tough stomachs are advised on no account to miss it.

T. C. WORSLEY

THREE EXHIBITIONS

AT twenty-six Alan Reynolds, though still a student at a London art school, has become a famous landscape painter whose works hang in museums in America, the Commonwealth and in this country. During the last year he has held three shows at the Redfern and all, including the present one, have sold out. There has been nothing quite like it since Colquhoun's great successes just after the war. Automatically there is, of course, much speculation as to Reynolds's ability to weather this storm of success. The success itself, however, is very understandable. Here once more is a romantic landscapist, who is surely more poet than painter, as were many of his illustrious forbears. Like many of them he is more alive to tone than to colour, to evocative mood than to concrete form. That mood is utterly English: Palmer, Paul Nash, Sutherland and even Lowry are all present in the exceedingly tasteful off-whites, olives, greys and blacks in which Reynolds renders his spiky trees or the brittle fragments of cottage roofs and chimneys. These trees, sometimes reduced to a bare inverted pitchfork, sometimes to something like the mild cousin of a Reg Butler, are only silhouettes. They do not turn and thrust in space. And the hint of a Continental influence in the formal organisation of all Reynolds's very personal ingredients is only a hint: the flat, rectilinear segments in his design and the whitish disc-like suns are only superficially related to Klee—that is, at the level of stylisation. Take the pitchfork tree. In Klee such a form was purely a symbol, a sign, devoid of realistic scale: in Reynolds it is only a pleasing simplification of a natural tree in an actual landscape. Or again, the sharp lances of his Kentish saplings' stems, tapering out downwards rather than upwards, may possibly owe something to Bernard Buffet, the young French expressionist (he is even younger than Reynolds and immensely famous). But, if so, the ragged painterly energy of the Frenchman has not been translated, for Reynolds's touch is as neat and tight as an illustrator's.

For so young an artist, however, Reynolds shows great ability: indeed it is because certain forms of excellence have been too consciously and successfully cultivated that his works have a certain deadness about them. For instance, the placing of his shapes is *too* effective; the dry manipulation of his tasteful pigment is too deliberate. Too much in these paintings is pure style: too little is experience. The unfaltering logic of his composition has the consistency of the merely stylistic—a deft, unhesitant continuity *at the surface* of the canvas. Whereas the deepest feeling always, in some way, breaks into such surface elegance, or continuity, causing apparent awkwardness from the formal point of view—an awkwardness, however, which prolonged viewing in time resolves for the spectator. But Reynolds's configurations are grasped at a glance; for their abstraction is chiefly pattern, rather than something slowly abstracted from the conflicting subtleties of experienced vision. Finally, I would say his most urgent problem is this: How can he break out from that naturalistic conception of space and perspective—with its horizontal horizon two-thirds of the way up the canvas—which imprisoned Paul Nash for life and has always perplexed Graham Sutherland? At present his flat tree or house images passively inhabit a naturalistic landscape-space: they do not dominate and alter it. What he therefore gives us is not landscape re-created but formalised. Both the broken gable and the disc-like tree on

its lance-like stem, each with its halo of whiteness, are *placed* naturalistically, where he saw them. This conflict between the flattened image which contemporary sensibility finds most significant and the recession and depth of landscape-space has only been fully resolved, in this country, by Ivon Hitchens. Not only the objects of landscape, but the space they imply must be re-created: in Reynolds, since space remains naturalistic, the objects themselves are inevitably devitalised.

A stylised rendering of reality is also, it appears, the prevailing mode with the vast majority of art students in this country. Five hundred paintings by students from 65 schools are assembled in the annual "Young Contemporaries" show at the R.B.A. and I doubt if half a dozen non-figurative pictures, on the one hand, or realist ones on the other, are to be found amongst them. Illustrational expressionism abounds. Realism—that noble, disciplined straining to register with absolute objectiveness what the eye sees—is very rare indeed anywhere today (despite the alleged new "return to realism," which, I maintain, is a fiction in the mind of my colleague, Mr. Berger). Coldstream, strictly speaking, is our *only* realist: his followers make of realism a style. It is a pity there is not more evidence of realism (or intended realism) in this show: for the schools are the place for it. To study and grasp the nature of appearances is the student's job. That significant non-figuration is equally rare here is not so surprising: true abstraction is a slow process demanding long experience. Nevertheless, some of the best paintings here are abstract—those by Bernard Cohen (Vieira da Silva construction, early Pasmore colour and touch, very approximately) and Peter Kinley (smoother de Staël). Susan Benson is a most serious strainer after the illusive data the eye, uninterfered with, offers: her wan suburb is truly seen.

Jack Smith, on the other hand (whose show at the Beaux Arts ended last week) is not a realist but an expressionist and, at his best, one of the most promising painters of this new generation. At the R.B.A. his bleak kitchens, with babies and cats, have connections with Picasso's 1943 *Baby with Pigeons*. The dirty whites of these gaunt, uncomfortably composed canvases do not record with the accuracy of the true realist anything *seen* so much as something imagined. Lacking elegance, fumbling visibly, Smith nevertheless has real strength. And elegance is what Denis Higbee has in excess of strength. His *Aquarium* transmits the brilliancy and vibration of a most luminous colourist.

And now, travel quickly to Gimpel's. After this often raucous hubbub at the R.B.A. the tranquil assurance of the mastery of Estève (a wonderful abstract, *L'Illusioniste*), Moore, Nicholson, da Silva, Lanyon, Hilton, Hartung, de Staël (a disappointing one), Marini, Manessier and so on, is revivifying. This distinguished exhibition is a selection from Mr. R. D. S. May's collection. Of expressionism, there is little trace: of realism, none. Only more or less profound examples of differing degrees of abstraction. True abstraction is the fruit of experience: it cannot be faked.

PATRICK HERON

RADIO NOTES

THE current French taste for the play of ideas in the historical or mythological setting has hardly a parallel in the English theatre today, but it finds a steady platform in the Third Programme. Cocteau's *Bacchus* was the week's most interesting production. On the air we lose the Cocteau spectacle, which is of some richness here; but the use of the language of wit for serious controversy has an interest for radio. The setting is a small Swiss town in the sixteenth century, where a young man is chosen annually to be Bacchus, the seven-day king of the wine harvest; after his "reign" (which gives him unlimited powers) he is burnt in effigy. An "innocent," a handsome peasant who has lost his reason through being hunted in sport by the local nobles, is elected. Revealing that his reason returned when he was

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obliged to witness a scene of torture, he tries to govern the town on Christ-like principles; as a result, the populace prepare to burn him at the stake. Bacchus himself was the least happily cast in E. J. King-Bull's strong production (the dry, verbal conflicts coming over rather better than the episodes of passion); the current Cocteau voice was best heard in the eloquent part of the visiting Cardinal, played superbly by Felix Aylmer.

"Maud is a bride of death," Elizabeth Bowen wrote in a brilliant essay on *Uncle Silas*. "The wind that blows her way from the family mausoleum troubles our heroine like a mating cry." (The phrase has stayed in my mind; I hope I have quoted it correctly.) This wind should blow her way no less in a dramatised version. For *Uncle Silas*, held down to literature by the sombre stiff intensity of its writing, could, as a radio play, easily turn into melodrama. Mary Hope Allen's presentation leaned a little to this, but, generally withdrawing in time, kept a fair enough flavour of the original. This was not a sophisticated production; it used such devices as came to hand: the spoken thought; the shock —"It is Bartram-Haugh!" (Crash of chords). But it was an honest one, not attempting to gloss over the original implausibilities. Why, for instance, did Austin Ruthyn commit his daughter to such untender guardians? Carleton Hobbs' elegant Silas ("What a sweet, gentle, insufferable voice he has!" says one of the characters) did not make us wonder less. Marjorie Westbury's innocent Maud carried a double nimbus of youthfulness and doom. Patricia Hayes' rough Cousin Milly gave a rustic authenticity even to that pretty (if also sinister) scene of the two young girls in the wood.

The Violent Criminal, the first of two reports on this topical subject (Tuesdays, 8 p.m. Home Service) offered a good demonstration of the merits and limits of the documentary radio discussion. Within the pattern it had set itself it could hardly have invited criticism. The facts were laid out well and firmly on the table, ready for operation (programme two). A man who had been robbed with violence described the experience. Experts gave evidence on parents, houses, war, comics, films, schools, and the size of classes. A psychologist projected himself into the mind of the offender. An old lag made a colourful contribution. He was against violence, he said; it was not popular in the prisons either. It was noticeable that this old professional took neither the villain-is-hero nor the villain-is-victim viewpoint. Nobody else in the programme could have afforded so simple and unembarrassing a view. Many well-intentioned radio discussions on problematic matters suffer so badly from tact that a nervous listener may be quite worn out with the strain. *The Violent Criminal* no doubt has a touch of this under its hard surface. For whom, one may ask, is the subject aired? As it is, the people (parents and such) most largely concerned are the unlikeliest ones to be listening. The thug himself may be, perhaps. His desire being, we are told, publicity—a "good press"—he might well be listening with a gratified smile. Such reservations were dispelled, however, by the constructive pattern of the second, which had a magnificent conclusion by Lord Samuel.

Music critics on the air are of two sorts; the admonitory and the persuasive. As a listener I am devoted to them both. How direct they are, compared to the literary sort! A record is played; one waits with suspended expression, between smile and frown, for the damning or lauding verdict. Mr. Desmond Shawe-Taylor, a critic of the happier kind, carries with him so pleasant an air of appreciation that one readily shares his enthusiasms. His four illustrated talks on *Voice and Style* (which started with a splendid record of Yvette Guilbert) were a model of the spoken deceptively informal critical commentary.

NAOMI LEWIS

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THE MOVIES

"A Nous la Liberté," at the Everyman
"The Star," at the Marble Arch Odeon

The return of René Clair's *A Nous la Liberté* to the Everyman completes for me the memorial of his best work (1927-31): *Un Chapeau de Paille d'Italie, Sous les Toits de Paris, Le Million, A Nous la Liberté*. Only one film, so far as I am concerned, need be added: *Quatorze Juillet* (1931), whose festive and atmospheric charms increase the more, the longer they are withheld. This was the last of Clair's films (except for *Le Dernier Milliardaire*) before he left France: the reasons for that quittance I don't know, but they correspond, I imagine, with flagging impulse. His is, supremely, the young lyrical talent; and if he hasn't died young, as Romantic poets are supposed to do, that doesn't make him less a poet. The machinery of routine, which intrudes on the film-maker more than on any other artist, has kept him going, has even, in recent years, spurred a rejuvenation: coming back out of exile, he has made three films (*Le Silence est d'Or, La Beauté du Diable,* and *Les Belles-de-Nuit*) which attempt, with eagerness and the skill of years, to recapture first impulse. They don't, they couldn't, quite come up; though the latter two are as near the real thing as desiring could achieve. Let us, though, for the moment, enjoy his vision of the machinery that has overtaken him.

A Nous la Liberté is the crystallisation in Clair of various tendencies: the social, the satirical, the musical and balletic, the Arcadian. It is exceedingly pretty. It begins (as you probably don't remember) with a line of toy horses along which the camera crawls its way. The view then enlarges, to reveal convicts seated along an endless table and at work screwing in Dobbin's head and adding his spots. They march out. Two of them blow softly (one can't say "burst") into song: "A nous la liberté, etc." The cell bars are sawn through: one is recaptured, one gets away.

Months or years later, the second convict, released and happily tramping, is arrested and made to work. The Knuckle-down State has arrived. Gramophone records are being turned out, and all life hangs on a conveyor belt. Needless to say, our tramp rebels, falls in love, falls foul of routine, discovers his crony convict in the bowler-hatted boss, softens him, revels with him, and in the big business-man's decline (which corresponds with the arrival of the Workers' Leisure State) lures him back to the open road.

The theme is Chaplinesque. Chaplin, in fact, took the machine satire of *A Nous la Liberté*, for *Modern Times* and Clair, most probably the nob-and-tyke association from *City Lights*. One can't call it stealing: Clair owed everything to Chaplin, as a son does to a father, and the descent goes on in De Sica. For a little while the two were side by side, each doting on and gathering from the other—if only Clair had lasted! But, as I've said, his was an early Romantic gift, doomed to eclipse, while Chaplin could age—marvellously—as we have seen from *Limelight*. The recent Clair film, by the way, *Les Belles-de-Nuit*, contained yet another Chaplin correspondence: Calvero's dreams of his heyday become the young composer's nightly escapes into the past. No, borrowing or stealing is not at all the word here. They have an affinity, and the affinities of genius do not rob but enrich.

The Star is Bette Davis, not quite the most sweeping Bette Davis, though near it. She is ageing, she yearns to come back, she grasps at the youth in her, finds it delusive, finds herself still unappeasable, gathers up the daughter from a first marriage and enters upon a second. The film may be (and is) second-rate in the *Sunset Boulevard* line, but Miss Davis deploys herself: it's her concerto, and so far as screen acting is concerned she has Menuhin rights.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Agamemnon" at the Arts, Cambridge

Although Mr. Rylands's production of the *Agamemnon* was not marked by any great distinction of acting, the play was revealed as a work of great dramatic, as well as poetic, force; and an audience, not all of whom can have understood every word, was charmed into forgetting for two hours its colds and its coughs. This is the more remarkable since half the First Act the Chorus possesses the stage alone. By cutting down the choral singing, by breaking up the odes into short sections sung, or more often spoken, by individual members of the Chorus, it was possible to bring these apparently remote rhapsodies into surprisingly close connection with the action. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that the old men should tell again the story of Iphigeneia or of Paris, sharing their memories and prompting one another's fears. The expected tendency for odes and intervening scenes to fall apart was wholly absent. But the Second Act, usually an easier problem for a producer, was rather less successful. The Chorus was too much a collection of fragments to catch as a body the panic of Cassandra's revelations, or to bear down by weight of numbers the insolence of Clytaemnestra. Its remarkable performance owed much to the skill and discretion of Dr. Hadley, who allowed the words and their natural rhythms to enjoy an unconventionally equal partnership with the music, and among the actors, to the grave, impersonal dignity of Mr. Kirk. Mr. Reardon as Agamemnon was appropriately large and empty, Miss Hedley acted Clytaemnestra with moving passion, but she lacked that maturity in bitterness which only an older woman, or perhaps an undergraduate, could have supplied. The finer temper of her wickedness was well brought out by contrast with the bully Aegisthus, Mr. Mayes. Miss Field as Cassandra was not always intelligible in her speech, but she was colourful in her acting, a bird frantically beating her wings in the snare but knowing there was no escape.

D. W.

"Before the Deluge," at the Boltons

A respected line of novelists, from Olive Schreiner to Alan Paton, has made us familiar with the splendours and miseries of Southern Africa. But playwrights, like theatres in the sub-continent itself, are pitifully scarce, and we may have to wait a long time before we see a play with the right urgency and compassion. Miss Doris Lessing, meanwhile, shows that she still needs a good deal of practice. Her characters change their minds, but they do not develop; variations of speed and mood are beyond her grasp; and she veers dangerously towards the convention, so frequent in plays about race-relations, of painting all the Blacks white and all the Whites black. The wives of Southern Rhodesian farmers certainly do drink plenty and blaspheme more, but the experienced playwright knows that mere recording of such characteristics, instead of creating an atmosphere of realism, destroys it. The leading part, well played within its limitations by Bettina Dickson, bristles with unnecessary expletives which, after the first ten minutes, begin to assault the nerves like the tattoo of tropical rain on a corrugated iron roof. But if the characters are over-simplified, there is a wealth of fine confused plotting, from which dark political references ("I wouldn't mention the Fabian Society out here if I were you") stick out like sore thumbs. Miscasting adds to the confusion. It is hard to accept Oliver Burt and Ralph Wilson, both mature in years and physique, as the local stallions. Mr. Peter Leighfield's set, however, is completely successful in bringing Marandellas within our reach.

P. W.

Correspondence

BANNED BODIES

SIR,—The Labour Party has now banned the Authors World Peace Appeal. This is a body so loosely organised that it cannot be said to have a membership. It was founded by a dozen respectable, worried writers, mostly of the generation on which the 1914 war had such a shattering impact. Some seven hundred signatories have signed a declaration which says: "We writers believe that our civilisation is unlikely to survive another world war. We believe that differing political and economic systems can exist side by side on the basis of peacefully negotiated settlements. As writers we want peace and through our work will try to get it: and pledge ourselves to encourage an international settlement through peaceful negotiation. We condemn writing liable to sharpen existing dangers and hatred. As signatories we are associated with no political movement, party or religious belief, but are solely concerned with trying to stop the drift to war."

Now, does the Labour Party intend all signatories who happen to be Labour Party members to write and say they *don't* believe our civilisation will be upset by another war: that they *don't* believe that differing political and economic systems can exist side by side: that they *don't* want peace and *won't* try to get it through their work? Or what?

The organisation, in so far as it exists—it is extremely hard to organise writers at all, as the Labour Party has found in its day—consists of an executive committee elected at an annual conference, and several working Panels or groups of writers who volunteered for some kind of work. Thus, one such group considers hate and war themes in children's books; it has beeen extremely efficacious in so far as it is now, since the publication of the A.W.P.A. evaluation list (very similar to that of the American Cincinnatti committee—which has, we think, survived all purges in the States!) almost impossible to buy any of the really shocking comics from the multiple stores and bookstalls which used to stock them freely. It also hopes to start a cheap children's paper, so as to provide better alternative fare: are Labour members not to write in it? If a Peace Book Club is started through A.W.P.A., are Labour Party members not to belong?

Now let us consider what happens to any of the banned organisations if Labour Party members are withdrawn lest they should be corrupted by Communists. There remain a few Communists, some "fellow travellers", a few Liberals, a few dissident Tories (unless the Conservative Central Office takes a leaf from Transport House), some convinced pacifists and Quakers and a great many well-meaning non-political persons who can usually be pulled round by the politicians. But the old hands from the Labour Party who can, on the whole, see what they are doing and why, and are prepared to argue and be tough in a friendly way, are to be taken away. Not enough dissident Tories, Liberals and pacifists are left, and the Communists will doubtless be able to pull the organisations their way.

Is this what the Labour Party intends?

We writers can do a good deal in the way of interpreting the various angry ideologies to one another. We can do a great deal in the way of establishing relations with writers in other countries. We can cool the war, which is hotting up against the real wishes of all but a tiny minority, with irony and laughter and even with that most dangerous thing, truth (or, to use Beatrice Webb's phrase, "a few facts"). We can do it better if we are in a professional organisation. Does the Labour Party not want us to do these things? If so, is it so sure that it really wants peace?

C. DAY LEWIS
NAOMI MITCHISON

A VOLUNTARY PRESS COUNCIL

SIR,—Three points in Critic's comments on the proposed Press Council invite reply. First he assumes that I had my tongue in my cheek in explaining the term "freedom of the Press" as used by those who have drawn up the draft constitution of the Council. The definition I gave was the standard one. It has the authority of the Encyclopædia Britannica and Chamber's Encyclopædia. It is used repeatedly in journalism and in the training of journalists. I have no doubt it is what all the authors of the scheme meant. To suggest that Milton is out of date on the subject is like saying that Plato and Aristotle have become ruins of antiquity. Circumstances change, as Critic very properly implies, but principles do not.

Secondly, I am well aware that, as Critic suggests, there has been agitation in recent years against the Press Lords. This agitation consisted largely of grotesque mis-statements and unfounded suspicions. Self-appointed reformers could have exposed these alleged ill-users of Press freedom before the Royal Commission on the Press. They tried hard enough to do so, but failed to substantiate their charges. This is not just my opinion, but the judgment of the Royal Commission. While the Commission criticised some shortcomings of the Press, it did not find that their causes lay in any particular form of ownership, it found the case against Press groups overstated, it considered that the concentration of Press ownership in the provinces was not great enough to prejudice free expression or accurate presentation of news, it declared that free enterprise was a prerequisite of a free Press, and it reported general agreement that the British Press was inferior to none in the world. When a profession has gained this verdict from an impartial and searching tribunal, why curtly dismiss it as incapable of governing itself and building up its own code of ethics?

Thirdly, Critic implies that the voluntary Press Council will be dominated by Press proprietors. The scheme before us, which is still only a proposal, is for ten managerial representatives nominated by what are called proprietorial associations (though they include not only proprietors, but also managers and editors) and fifteen editorial representatives, who will all be editors or nominees of journalistic trade unions. It will be impossible for either of those great rivals whom Critic fears so much, Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Kemsley, to dominate the Council by force of numbers of their own devotees. They are men of outstanding enterprise and influence, but I fancy both would laugh at any suggestion that the National Union of Journalists, Institute of Journalists and Guild of British Newspaper Editors would accept their guidance unquestionably on journalistic principles.

If widespread hopes in newspaper offices are fulfilled, the members of the Press Council will vote not as representatives of sectional interests but as conscientious newspaper men aiming at the good of the community and the profession. Critic may suspect in this comment another of those traits of idealistic simplicity of which he hesitates to give me the benefit of his doubt, but a striking piece of evidence can be cited in favour of it. The National Advisory Council on Press Training was chosen by competitive organisations, but it works as a team, all sectional interests laid on one side. It seems to many of us an excellent omen for the future.

W. L. ANDREWS,
President
Guild of British Newspaper Editors
Leeds.

CITIZENS OF THE WORLD

SIR,—I am sure that your readers would wish to know something of an American book which needs to be published in Britain. It is *Citizens of the World*, by Stringfellow Barr, published by Doubleday. Mr. Barr says all that we want to say about U.S. post-war policy—and says it so much better than we could have said it ourselves.

It is all there. Truman's almost casual ending of Lend-Lease; the much more deliberate murder of UNRRA with the devastating quote from the U.N. Yearbook that it was done because the Americans and British wanted "to be free to judge on their own when and where relief was needed"; the propping up of Chiang, the reckless advance to the Yalu river (because "many of us were raised on Rudyard Kipling and, like General MacArthur, we know the Oriental mind"), the Japanese Peace Treaty imposed on reluctant allies; on all of these Barr crystallises into

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sharp sentences everything that we have dimly thought.

Coming nearer to his positive theme, Mr. Barr welcomes Marshall Aid as America's most positive act of statemanship; but describes it as distorted and unnecessarily distrusted because of its being a unilateral act under the U.S. Congress instead of a co-operative endeavour under the direction of the United Nations. "'Going it alone' in distributing economic aid builds an empire whether we happen to want an empire or not." Why, asks Barr, have we consistently refused the appeals of the under-developed countries for the establishment of an International Development Authority? Why don't we make war on world hunger and world ignorance?

Mr. Barr offers us a way out of the sterile wrangle between advocates of World Government and those who talk of War on Want. Mr. Barr is President of the Foundation for World Government. "The absence of common government in the long run dooms us. But how do we get a common government?" Do we get it by drafting world constitutions for a government to keep the peace? The argument in favour of it is strong; but it looks a little too much like "a government able to quell a bread riot but not interested in what causes bread riots." Therefore, says Mr. Barr, the way to world government is for enough governments and peoples to start serious talk about the International Development Authority *and the organs for its control*. Following the T.V.A. model he insists that it must be a corporation publicly controlled, with powers to do business and make contracts—not simply an "international kitty" to make grants to governments. Anyone may say that Mr. Barr has not worked out all the details and is over-optimistic. But surely he is right in insisting that if even a few governments and peoples would start seriously discussing this problem, and if at first they were only able to start actual works on a quite modest scale, then "everybody would be looking forward to new life instead of, as now, to new death."

It is here that Mr. Barr's challenge comes home to the British Left; we should not read his book merely to revel in the pleasure of reading an American's criticism of America. Britain has been equally or almost equally at fault. The Labour Party should make it perfectly clear that at the very first relevant U.N. meeting after it next comes to office it will vigorously propose international discussions for the establishment of the I.D.A.; that if a majority votes against the proposal, Britain will go ahead and hold discussions with a view to joint action with the minority that voted for it. Moreover, I think the Labour Party should pledge itself, pending the establishment of I.D.A., to increase Britain's present contribution to the U.N. by, say, a further £25,000,000 to enable the existing specialised agencies immediately to step up their activities in the battle against world poverty. We should pledge ourselves to such a contribution (in the words used on this subject in the Seven Point Programme of the British Council of Churches) "even if it means a reduction in our own standards of living."

Some may think that such a proposal would lose Labour votes. But at Morecambe, the Labour Party resolved unanimously that "the Labour Party should use its resources to tell the electors that our lives must be inspired and our country organised to fit us for the long and arduous task of leading mankind to victory in the necessary struggle against world poverty." And the vigorous advocacy of the sort of policy I suggest would entitle Labour to say that it had a policy for *Waging Peace* and that the Tories had not.

House of Commons. RICHARD ACLAND

HOUSING REALITIES

SIR,—Mr. Wallis-Jones does not deny that we need at least 400,000 new homes annually, but condemns this as politically "unrealistic" in the face of our other commitments, particularly rearmament. It is this kind of "realism" that let the Tories back and will keep them in office until Labour develops a policy of its own. The Labour Party was induced to accept temporarily an unprecedented peace-time rearmament programme because its Ministers accepted expert estimates that the U.S.S.R. had four million men under arms. Now even General Bradley says that the real figure is 2½ million (*The Times*, Feb. 20). Why should it be this kind of military thinking that is assumed to be sacrosanct and the housing needs of the people that are adjusted to meet these "military commitments?" When such "commitments" condemn millions to a lifetime in the slums or at the end of a housing list, surely the time has come when the British people should re-examine them and refuse, in the words of your last week's editorial, "to accept uncritically whatever further demands are made upon it in the name of military preparedness."

With all respect to Mr. Wallis-Jones it is possible to deduce a shortage of homes from the close examination of both parts of the Census One Per Cent Sample Tables. Rooms, he says, are badly distributed. True enough, but it would be more accurate to say that homes are badly distributed, as only a limited number of existing houses can be converted and split, and one or more rooms can only become homes when this has been done. Conversions of suitable large late-Victorian middle-class houses can provide more homes for those areas that possess them; but this is often either an expensive stop-gap or involves only a little less trouble and expense than providing a new flat. The possibilities of a policy of "slum salvage" are limited, and it can never be a substitute, quantitively or qualitatively, for slum clearance and comprehensive redevelopment.

YOUR CORRESPONDENT

OTHER MINDS

SIR,—I am delighted, if alarmed, to have drawn Professor Wisdom, whose method seems to me the most tantalising, because the most promising, in modern philosophy.

Q. What do I think of the question, "Could one put into a good strong box two parrots and then pull from it 22 all talking just like people?"

A. I think it is a lot less typical than he does.

Q. Don't I admit that the way to deal with a question like that is to dig up the questioner's presuppositions and motives?

A. Certainly. But we go on to traditional philosophic questions like, "What is the sanction of morality?" or "Is matter real?" Here, along with the digging, we need at some point firm decisions, which at once reveal and alter the investigator's attitude.

Q. Have not past philosophers made themselves both an exhibition and a public danger by dogmatic decisions on such points?

A. Yes. But muting them does not diminish the danger. G. E. Moore in his moral theory officially refuses to take sides. But the influence of his implied æstheticism (through Roger Fry, E. M. Forster, etc.) has been enormous. Keynes's memoir on the subject gives a really terrifying picture of what Moore could do by merely opening his eyes and saying slowly: "But do you really think *that*?" Had he spoken out, he could have been rationally answered. A philosopher who daily and fantastically commits himself in the newspapers is far less likely to be swallowed whole than one who gives his pupils to understand that certain views are *simply* out of the question. (It is supposed to be rather pompous nowadays to mind what happens to one's pupils, but that seems to me a mistake.)

Q. But are there any such biases lurking under all the antiseptic that we throw about today?

A. To name the most obvious: on the one side, good old-fashioned Voltairean rationalism—*écrasez l'infame*, with a very vague notion of what the infamy in question is—on the other, a positive love of hesitation for its own sake.

Q. Perhaps. But if a philosopher committed himself, would he not be taken as making an impossible claim to decide the question finally?

A. No. Only a philosopher could be so arrogant as to think so. MARY SCRUTTON

3 Lyndhurst Gardens,
Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"THE BIG FOUR AND THE BIG STICK"

SIR,—In the issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION dated February 21, you have published a letter signed by an ex-member of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers having reference to the composition of the National Executives of the N.U.G. & M.W. and this Union. This suggestion

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was that on the National Executive of the Transport and General Workers' Union "sits a majority of full-time paid officials subject to the General Secretary's control outside the National Executive's sitting."

This statement shows a complete ignorance of the facts, and I wish to make it quite clear that no full-time paid official of the Transport and General Workers' Union sits upon the National Executive Council or upon any of the constitutional Committees of the Union. Only those rank-and-file members employed in the industries they represent are eligible to serve.

A. DEAKIN
Transport & General Workers' Union
Transport House,
Smith Square, S.W.1.

SIR,—Can I add a few words in reply to "N.U.G.M.W."? He warns us of the difference between the admirable constitution of the N.U.G.M.W. on paper and the "dexterity of manipulation" in practice We look eagerly for evidence but find only a recital of how officials are elected or appointed by the union—according to the constitution. I entered this controversy to discover how the majority of union members in "most of the big unions" have "little chance" of expressing their views I now find that it is not the fault of the constitutional set-up—we agree that this is democratic and that opportunity exists for members to state their views. But are members in fact using these opportunities? If they are not, then the leadership must guess what they have to do, subject to the checks and balances which every union constitution has.

Let me make my position clear on this: I have criticised trade union leaders more than most people; I dislike leaders having too much power and too many sycophantic followers. Power breeds corruption just as dirt breeds disease. That is why I believe in criticising trade union leaders when they are wrong, but I am misguided enough to defend them when they are right. So I mentioned the educational schemes of the two big general unions: may I also mention the constant appeals in their union journals asking members to play an active part in their branches? Is this the cunning "manipulation" of a corrupt oligarchy?

Trade union officials, like the Civil Service, are the butt of fourth-rate comedians from Wick to Westminster. Some may be corrupt (if the membership allows them to be) but I have found the majority (also in big unions) doing a hard and thankless job out of a sense of service. I should have expected THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION'S two correspondents "N.U.G.M.W." and "Ex-N.U.G.M.W." (to such a pitch has the "reign of terror" developed) to be more specific in their accusations and constructive in their suggestions.

238 Newport Road, CAMPBELL BALFOUR
Cardiff.

CATHOLIC TOLERATION

SIR,—Avro Manhatten asks whether a dominant Catholic population in England would afford to a Protestant minority the freedom which Catholics now enjoy here. The position he imagines exists in actual fact in Eire. Despite the fact that some would consider Irish Catholics to be less generally tolerant than English Catholics, the small Protestant minority in Eire enjoys exactly the same freedom as the dominant Catholics. The first President of Catholic Eire was a Protestant. To get a very different picture of majority intolerance and minority oppression, you have to cross the Border to Protestant Ireland.

MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE
Catholic Herald,
67 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

"ON THE LABOUR"

SIR,—For a brief period, early last year, I signed on at a Labour Exchange. Before my first visit, I was furious with myself for having lost a useful amount of money through not having thought of attending two or three months earlier. After my first visit, my relief at the fact that I was very shortly to be employed was immeasurable. I did not encounter the rudeness and stupidity that your correspondent describes in "On The Labour," nor was there a sense of haste and urgency. The dominant impression was one of a grey shuffling timelessness. The patient despair and the keeping up of appearances of many of those who had been signing on for months was, I suppose, not surprising. One imagined it would be like that. What was horrifying, and this does not really emerge in your article, was that the atmosphere was subtly such that the despair was immediately communicated to the new arrival. All hope and self-confidence evaporated. That job would never, never, come. To leave the Exchange was like walking out of Purgatory.

14 Loudoun Road, PETER KNEEBONE
St. John's Wood, N.W.8.

HOUSEWIFE'S LEAGUE

SIR,—We are grateful for the suggestion as to where we might find material for a "gentlewomanly demonstration" but assure you we never have any difficulty in finding suitable subjects to put on our agendas.

Several months ago we addressed a memorandum on the cost of living to the Treasury. We were deeply concerned—and still are—at the ever-increasing financial difficulties with which "the woman with the shopping basket" has to contend. We pointed out, amongst other things, that with freely available cooking ingredients the capable housewife could lower the cost of living by making more things in her own kitchen. Unfortunately, we have a lurking suspicion that the powers-that-be realise that materials directed to food factories result in profits which eventually return to the Treasury, whereas dividends earned in the kitchen remain there. Only last week we again approached the Treasury with regard to Purchase Tax on household implements.

If your readers are not aware of these and many other activities, it might be because those newspapers Conservatively-inclined do not relish a tilt at the present Government, while the rest are only too anxious to prove that we are silent.

British Housewives League, JOYCE MEW
2 Stepney Green, E.1. *Chairman.*

TURNER EXHIBITION

SIR,—I read with appreciation Mr. Heron's discussion of the Turner Exhibition at Whitechapel. However, when he speaks of unfamiliar pictures "that shake us into a reassessment" I feel that he rather unjustifiably restricts his perceptive remarks to Turner's landscapes.

Landscapes and seascapes were not the whole of Turner's output. One of the remarkable aspects, and the least familiar, revealed by this selection is the presence of five large oil paintings in which the human being may be said to be the dominant interest; notably two, *Jessica* and *Pilate Washing his Hands*, which, with *The Music Room at Petworth* and *The Letter* now on view at the Tate, are surely among his very finest works.

Mr. Heron feels the need to reasses Turner's landscapes, admittedly the bulk of his output; but this surely has been going on almost since Fry wrote in the Twenties? In the face of the old and well-known judgment that Turner couldn't paint figures (true of many that are only incidental to landscapes), surely one of the main points brought out by this exhibition and confirming a suspicion already sown at the Tate, is that "the late Turner" had a distant vision of humanity as well as his better known interest in space and light. A vision of human forms, intense and surprising, bursting disturbingly into the world of space. For me the crowning glory of the exhibition is the *Pilate Washing his Hands*, a vision obviously influenced very greatly in its impression by Rembrandt, but a successful emanation of Turner's, in a way that his earlier essays in the manner of this master and that were not.

It seems to me a pity, that Mr. Heron did not touch on this aspect of the exhibition, which to my mind raises an important question. Are there more such paintings that we do not know, and are they in some mysterious cellar of the Tate? If so, could they not be shown? Perhaps, even Mr. Robertson might consider holding at Whitechapel an exhibition entitled "Turner's figure paintings?"

Flat 8, 9 Regent Sq. W.C.1. RICHARD HENDERSON

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Books in General

"Oh! those high, wild, desolate moors, up above the whole world, and the very realms of silence!" So scribbled Mrs. Gaskell on her first visit to Haworth, her novelist's alertness touched even then by the setting and the inhabitants of the Parsonage. A few years later, Charlotte Brontë was dead, and at the request of her friend's unpredictable old father, Mrs. Gaskell was at work on the *Life* (published in 1857). It is not without interest that having tasted the excitement of the hunt, she did what she could thereafter to prevent herself becoming a biographical quarry. For her book, at once impressionistic and circumstantial, has already something of our modern manner. The enthusiasm and audacity are there; the relentless eye; the *rapport*, too, though subject and author were, in their profounder aspects, far from alike—the one dedicated, meticulous, withdrawn; the other impulsive and unprofessional, her writing one of the many activities of a matronly and sociable existence. Mrs. Gaskell is not a mysterious character, but she has her mystery. We can never be sure whether it was the pleasant claims of life that blunted her gifts at the very point of greatness, or whether it was an unconscious restlessness that brought them to that height.

But biography, however individual and bold, is conditioned finally by the age in which it is written; and today it is not the indiscretions that make us pause but the slant, the emphases, the conscious silences. Miss Margaret Lane has had the illuminating idea of reviewing the major Brontë source book in the light of modern appreciation and discovery. She has traced Mrs. Gaskell's journey, considering by the way her omissions, her indiscretions, and her enduring value. She has not, alas, included some of the new material of her own, which has appeared in periodicals as separate essays. So it may seem that her book,* which is graceful, civilised and absorbing—it is also beautifully illustrated by Joan Hassall—has an air of slightness. It leaves us a little unsatisfied. It does not pretend to the scope of the Hansons' *Four Brontës*, the most complete of the studies written in the light of Miss Ratchford's astonishing report (1941) on the juvenile writings. But it has a value of its own; for it shows with curious clarity the dimension of *time* in the biographical portrait. We are reminded once again why the subject does not exhaust itself. The history of a Trelawny or a D'Orsay has no force; it fails to hold us with its rambling extravagance. But in the contained existence, such as the Brontës led, nothing is without meaning; it has the poetic quality. Lives, in fact, are in rare cases themselves capable of genius, and the Brontë lives are of this kind. Undistracted by outside pleasures and diversions, sustained from childhood by the wildest imaginative rangings, they offer what must be a unique study of genius in its workings.

The strange thing is that the clues, even to the last, are to be found in Mrs. Gaskell, though she did not recognise, and could not have interpreted in her time, some of the most significant. Her estimate of Emily, whom she dismissed as uncouth and of lesser literary importance, is an extreme example of the myopia of contemporary vision. Yet it is in her book that we find, in words fresh from the living witness, the Blake-like picture of the six children on the moor—Blake-like in its union of innocence and violence; and as graphically, the six improbable deaths that thread the story. We see the progenitors, both of latent talents and original personality, their Yorkshire home a mere accident of clerical appointment: the quiet Cornish mother, who died when the oldest of her six children was seven; the peasant-born Irish father, who made his frugal way to Cambridge and became a minister of the English Church. "I do not deny that I am somewhat eccentrick," wrote the venerable egoist:—

> Had I been numbered among the calm, sedate, concentric men of the world, I should not have been as I now am, and I should in all probability never have had such children as mine have been.

And though she failed to catch the whole import of the miniature writings, Mrs. Gaskell was the first to quote passages from them, which included Charlotte's enigmatic observation: "*Best plays mean secret plays; they are very nice ones. All our plays are very strange ones. Their nature I need not write on paper, for I think I shall always remember them.*" Her own subsequent observations on day-dreams are worth noting.

It was from queer, unchildlike stuff that the Angrian and Gondal cycles had their start—pre-Victorian adult reading, Byron, Ossian, sermons and newspapers, geographical textbooks, political pamphlets. But within the magical private realms, whose events and persons they were still directing when childhood was past, the Brontës' power was entire. Weakness, uncertainty, awkwardness, humiliation showed only when they left the protective boundaries and set foot in the unfamiliar world of men and women. At once Emily's clothes were old fashioned; Anne stammered; Branwell's bombastic assurance deserted him. Charlotte, who was the only one to drive herself into real life deliberately, is thus not only the most accessible, but the most vulnerable to a disparaging criticism.

Yet Charlotte's power should not be underrated. As much a creature of dreams as the rest, she was at least aware that imagination which has no renewing element from outside life destroys where it sustains. (Was it for this reason that the only contemporary writings which appear to have interested her at all were those of the unromantic Thackeray?) In any case, she was, in her family, the one link between the two incompatible worlds. The impelling of herself and her sisters into exhausting and unprofitable posts as governesses was the expression of one who knew that life would return—in whatever the form—only as much impetus as was put into it. In this spirit it was she, very likely, who impelled her sisters' adult novels into being. If her temperament did not invite her to Emily's autocratic isolation, she was capable, under duress, of a stoic fatalism that depended neither on religion nor philosophy. It can only have been by this that she endured the last years in the lonely house, her lifelong companions buried in that encroaching graveyard at the door; opposing who knows what measures of resistance to the powers of fear, despair, the peopled dark.

But having come so far with Mrs. Gaskell, we must stop. Half a century later, Mr. Clement Shorter, with his invaluable edition of the *Letters*, renews, in some ways re-creates, the picture. It is left to our own time, however, to look for the hidden bridge between the writings and the life. How real a part had those sparse but clearly defined events that Mrs. Gaskell has preserved for us in the making of *Jane Eyre*, *Villette* and, above all, *Wuthering Heights*? The subject is puzzling; the findings unexpected. The printed word was, as we know, one renewing spring of Brontë imagination; "nature," the harsh emotional Yorkshire scenery under the changing seasons, was its most powerful creative element. There can be few novels, except perhaps those of Hardy, in which the weather has so pervasive and vital a part. But of the sort of experience which involves the author in action or human contact, the evidence is fitful and deceiving. Though Charlotte made exact use of every visit, scene, adventure, they are nearly always, as Miss Ratchford was the first to point out, grafted on the wilder situations of her earlier stories. One result of this (which in its turn springs from the austere and isolated freedom of their upbringing) is that the Brontës' adult works, where they deal with women and men are oddly untouched by the conventional pruderies that then governed the relations between the sexes. In *Jane Eyre* there is hardly a hint that such things exist; in *Wuthering Heights* nothing at all. Dickens would have quailed at the idea of using, with the uncritical nonchalance of the Parsonage sisters, some of the situations we find in their books. There are no outcast Little Em'lys, no haunted Lady Dedlocks, in the Brontë writings. Inequality we certainly find; its roots, though, are not in sex but in money. Wealth brings power; its absence, in the Victorian world, dependence; and power and dependence were Brontëan realities. The triumph of Jane Eyre has its roots in these no less than the triumph of Heathcliff.

Even so, there is something quite terrifying about the absence, from all of Emily's writings, of any evidence that she had been in the outside world at all—in Brussels, at an English school, even in a parsonage. *Wuthering Heights*, with its complex design and its almost mathematical use of the laws of marriage and inheritance, is full of childish conceptions; it presents a child's view of age, of adult life, of distance, of death. Outside the two great houses, with the moor between, is an unknown world; even curiosity does not wander there. We see the same contrast in certain of Emily's poems: her intensely haunting *Silent is the House* is the strangest example. This very long poem is rarely printed in full; but those who turn to the complete version (which has well over a hundred verses) will find in it the extreme contrasts of her simplicity and her profound gifts of mystical evocation. No less baffling, in the light of Emily's personality, is the unemotional youthful homeliness of the few surviving letters and diary fragments. Her writing, what remains of it, is one of the most striking reminders that an abstract idea is not best conveyed in abstract terms. It

* *The Brontë Story*. By Margaret Lane. *Heinemann*. 21s.

is on Emily, the self-elected solitary who had no place in Mrs. Gaskell's world, that Miss Lane writes with the most distinction.

Yet, Mrs. Gaskell apart, the ironic justice of time has served the sisters best. Scholarship—and Miss Lane's perceptive book is one of its fruits—has done what the romantic partisan could never effectively do. It has ensured that no one can ever be quite so wrong about them again. It has rescued Emily from the vulgarest of biographical speculations, though, on the scanty evidence that she has left, it cannot violate her reserve. It has shown that Branwell, a talented weakling of whom too much was expected, could have had no hand in the great novels, though it does not overlook the effect that each Brontë had upon the rest. It has shown, indeed, that the truth about the Brontës' writings is far more strange than any guesswork. It has turned a sympathetic light on Mr. Nicholls (who lived, with his hoard of secret knowledge, until 1906); it has even pointed out that Charlotte's letters to the preposterous M. Heger were not of "love" in the conventional sense, but in essence, the Angrian-flavoured correspondence of a solitary pupil to a master; his silence rings discreditably through the years. Considering the final picture, sharp here, vague there, we might record the triumph of the *confidante*, Ellen Nussey, who, devotedly preserving a lifetime of letters from Charlotte, contrived that the biographical portrait should bear, through so many of its versions, the over-simple colouring of their relationship.

NAOMI LEWIS

AFTER CHRISTMAS

Gone is that errant star. The shepherds rise
And, packed in buses, go their separate ways
To bench and counter where their flocks will graze
On winter grass, no bonus of sweet hay.
The myrrh, the frankincense fade from memory:
Another year of waiting for the day.

Still in his palace Herod waits for orders:
Arrests, an edict, more judicial murders,
New taxes, reinforcements for the borders.
Still high priests preach decorum, rebels rage
At Caesar battening on their heritage
And a few prophets mourn a godless age.

The Magi in three chauffeur-driven cars
Begin their homeward journey round the wars,
Each to his capital, the stocks and shares
Whose constellations, flickering into place,
Must guide him through a vaster wilderness
Than did that star absconded out of space.

The golden thread winds back upon the spool.
A bird's dry carcass and an empty bottle
Beside the dustbin, vomit of goodwill,
Pale streets, pale faces and a paler sky;
A paper Bethlehem, a rootless tree
Dismantled of its glitter, left to die . . .

But, clay an image fashions into fate,
Still in the wood it lives regenerate
As men live still what daily they forget.
Two moving circles make them what they are,
Now the bright rim and now the axial year
To grant a week-day heaven that hides the star.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

THE RADICAL RAT

A Political Memoir 1880-1892. By JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. Edited by C. H. D. HOWARD. *Batchworth.* 21*s.*

British politics, and with them the career of Joseph Chamberlain, took a decisive and unexpected turn in 1886. Universal suffrage had just been established and a permanent Liberal majority seemed assured. The leadership of that majority would soon pass from Gladstone to the Radical Chamberlain. Instead, the Liberal Party was split over Home Rule and lost effective power for twenty years; Chamberlain found himself isolated and ultimately doomed to coalition with the Conservatives. What were the causes of this catastrophe? Or, in more personal terms, who was to blame? It is not surprising that Chamberlain puzzled over the question and sought to justify himself. In 1891, when his evolution towards the Conservatives was almost complete, he dictated a record of his political career over the preceding years. This record was used extensively, though not always accurately, by Garvin in his Life of Chamberlain. It is now published entire for the first time. Mr. Howard, the editor, has done his job well. He has corrected Chamberlain's quotations from documents, wherever possible, and drawn attention to the inaccuracies of fact, which are not a few.

Chamberlain's memoir is a *pièce justicatif*, not an autobiographical contribution to history. He does not analyse or explain his motives; he only seeks to show that he was hardly used. In fact, if he had given the memoir a title, he could have called it "a record of grievances." Chamberlain was the most energetic, as well as the most radical, member of Gladstone's Government between 1880 and 1885. He supplied the new ideas; created enthusiasm in the country; and also negotiated the Kilmainham treaty with Parnell. Though Gladstone himself was increasingly radical in spirit, he had an exaggerated deference for the Whig ministers; and there was mounting tension, as he tried to hold Chamberlain in check. Conflict between a creative radical and his compromising chief is common; here it was exaggerated by differences of temperament. Chamberlain was brash, arrogant, impatient; Gladstone elusive and elaborate—his mind saw not only every facet of a question, but also facets that were not there. An explosion was probably inevitable, if Gladstone remained in politics. But he was old and anxious to retire. Chamberlain put up with frustration in the reasonable calculation that the leadership would soon fall into his hands.

Then came Gladstone's unexpected conversion to Home Rule. Here Chamberlain was undoubtedly hardly used. Gladstone sprung Home Rule on him, as on the Liberal Party as a whole, without warning. Chamberlain had always opposed Home Rule. He insisted that Ireland was a province of the United Kingdom, not a separate nation. His practical proposals for Ireland were not far from Gladstone's; the difference was their ultimate aim. But again the difference was emphasised by the conflict of personalities. Chamberlain split the Liberal Party; and none of the later attempts at reunion came within sight of success. Henceforward Chamberlain was dominated by his resolve to thwart Gladstone; and Gladstone, it is fair to say, remained in politics with the conscious motive of keeping Chamberlain out of the Liberal leadership.

A Liberal split was probably inevitable. Every continental Liberal party of the old type split in the same way. The great capitalists became Conservative; the intellectuals and the lesser middle-class went radical. The Liberal Unionists were the nearest thing to a party of pure capitalist interest that we ever had; and it would make a neat pattern if they had broken with Liberalism on a clear economic interest. Alas, the actual course of events was not so simple. Ingenious Marxists have attempted to discover Chamberlain's motive in fear of an Irish tariff. There is no evidence of this in his own account. His

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emphasis on the Union was political, not economic; and, in any case, personal exasperation gave him the decisive push.

Two morals can be drawn from this dramatic story. Chamberlain began by denying freedom to the Irish nation. He went on to deny it to the Boers; and he ended by associating with those who denied it to the English themselves. Freedom cannot be preserved in an island-pocket. A radical of Chamberlain's day had to be on the side of the Irish; and a radical of ours has to be on the side of the Kikuyu and the Egyptians. Yet, against this, a radical can achieve nothing by splitting his party. He must capture his Prime Minister, not work against him. No doubt Gladstone was difficult to capture; but then he understood freedom, and Chamberlain did not. Gladstone left the Liberal Party weak for twenty years; but he never did a greater service to the radical cause than when he drove Chamberlain into the wilderness.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

ALL-STAR LITERARY VAUDEVILLE

The Shores of Light. A Literary Chronicle of the Twenties and Thirties. By EDMUND WILSON. *W. H. Allen.* 25*s.*

The Shores of Light is a collection of Mr. Edmund Wilson's articles contributed mainly to *The New Republic* between 1922 and 1938. It is not, however, as such books too often are, a compilation just flung together: Mr. Wilson has done a considerable amount of rewriting and, more important, he has expanded where necessary, added second thoughts, and provided something in the nature of a running commentary on his earlier opinions and enthusiasms; and then, by giving us as prologue a memoir of the man from whom he derived his mode of criticism, Professor Christian Gauss, of Princeton, and as epilogue a memoir of his friend, the poet Edna St. Vincent Millay, he rounds off the whole and by implication defines its scope.

The result is a book that will almost certainly have enduring value—for several reasons. First, it is a brilliant piece of (mainly American) literary history during two contrasted but all the same intimately related decades, the "Jazz Age," a period in which "nonsense and inspiration, reckless idealism and childish irresponsibility, were mingled in so queer a way," and the political Thirties that followed it. Some of Mr. Wilson's subjects have now faded; what has not faded is the excitement or the acerbity generated in Mr. Wilson at the time of his initial contemplation of them, so that in his pages the very feel of the two decades seems caught absolutely. Secondly, there is our interest in the author himself, not as a critic but as a typical figure of his time. Certain men seem to sum up in their life and work the essentials of a period. Thus the name Scott Fitzgerald is almost synonymous with the Jazz Age. Mr. Wilson was Fitzgerald's friend at Princeton and became, it seems, his literary conscience, or so Fitzgerald himself saw him. But Mr. Wilson transcends the Jazz Age as Fitzgerald does not. By 1935 he is not merely a Progressive as in 1931, he is in Moscow itself; and within two years he is disillusioned. Reading his book, one follows the graph of the development in ideas of a whole generation, the generation that in America passed straight from college into the United States Army in 1917.

Then, subsuming all these, there is Mr. Wilson the critic. Two things immediately impress in *The Shores of Light*: the range of its author's interests and knowledge, and the weight of authority behind every pronouncement. The point of view is not that of the narrow specialist; rather, it is one that can take in and assess all the specialisms. The weight of authority comes from the range of knowledge; the judgment delivered, even when on a minor figure now forgotten, is that of the man who wrote *Axel's Castle* and *To the Finland Station*. It is just this that keeps his articles on the largely forgotten fresh and interesting: he penetrates, as it were, beyond the faded poet and his faded poem to the poetic impulse it enshrined however inadequately. At times, this leads him, one feels, to over-praise: his prose précis of Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Renascence* is a much more exciting communication—that is, it is a better poem—than the lines the poet herself wrote. It is not that he has "seen" more than there is in the poem; rather, he has seen the poem as it should have been.

Above all, for Mr. Wilson literature is always to be regarded as a part of life, as one human activity among many, conditioned by them and conditioning them. Here he is one with the great critics, with Johnson, Coleridge, Arnold, Eliot, whose criticism affects us as it does because the judgments and perceptions that inform it are similar in kind to the judgments and perceptions that compose their response to life as a whole; and it is this, above everything else, that sets him apart from and higher than all later critics, with the exception of Professor Trilling, apart from and higher than the specialists and the academics, those whom one might call, with all possible respect for their seriousness, single-mindedness and real achievement, the critical nigglers, such as Professor Brooks and Dr. Leavis.

Mr. Wilson's sense of literature as a part of life comes out brilliantly in this book. It adds depth to the purely literary criticism. It may be seen in the measured yet moving memoir of Edna Millay, with whom the author was for a time in love; it comes out, too, in the drily amusing "A Weekend at Ellerslie," which wonderfully describes a weekend with Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald in 1928, and in the analyses of New York burlesque, the articles on Houdini (a man plainly after Mr. Wilson's own heart) and the long consideration of Woodrow Wilson as President of Princeton. For the English reader, these non-literary studies have an obvious value: they provide a background, always sharply rendered, to literary figures and controversies that are bound to be often unfamiliar or merely names. But they have a value beyond this. In the last analysis, we read the great critics not so much for the light they throw on their subjects as for the light their subjects throw on them. It is through their subjects we make contact with the quality of their minds; which is why it is almost true to say that for the great critic any subject will do. Whatever subject engages Mr. Wilson's interest evokes a total response from his mind. He notes in one of the essays in this book that traditionally the best American writers have been "independent one-man turns." This essay he calls "The All-Star Literary Vaudeville." *The Shores of Light* is many things, but among them it is certainly that.

WALTER ALLEN

MARIA LUISA, GOYA, TRAFALGAR

Godoy: Master of Spain. By JACQUES CHASTENET. Translated by J. F. HUNTINGTON. *Batchworth.* 16*s.*

Whether historical changes are determined by accident, personalities or general laws is a question at least as old as Commynes. The opportunity of examining it in the light of a classic situation of power-meets-domestic-triangle has been weakly passed over by M. Chastenet, who prefers to tell a factual tale of known events punctuated by occasional romantic excursions in which he is the first to disbelieve. The self-styled Earthly Trinity which ruled Spain by inertia while across the Pyrenees the Revolution and Napoleon were running their course dissolve on inspection into as ordinary a trio as ever sat in deck-chairs under a washing line. The Queen, a matriarchal nymphomaniac with a grotesque taste in clothes always two years behind Paris; the King, a stolid country squire who shoots daily from nine till twelve and from two till six; the boy-friend (Of both? M. Chastenet wonders dutifully. There is little probability and less evidence), to whom, if to anyone, it fell to keep Napoleon out of Spain.

This is the historian's cross-roads. He has matter for a deliciously complicated story of palace and sexual intrigue. That way is still open, since Stendhal, who could have been in Madrid at the time, came across them only years later in exile and found them—as they undoubtedly were by then—unrewarding. Or there is the political angle. Through a thicket of diplomatic and strategic complications Talleyrand ferrets before a still undecided Napoleon. Godoy postures, squeals, temporises. The French army is inconvenient. So is the English Fleet, since by cutting the route to the Indies it can dry up the Treasury. After Trafalgar, this in fact happens and the loss of the American possessions is only a matter of time. A political historian would not be wasting his time if he cast up the balance-sheet from the French point of view. By entering Spain when he might have milked her of ships and subsidies without invasion, did Napoleon ever stand to gain more than he ultimately lost through the drain of the Spanish ulcer? Interesting, but M. Chastenet does not touch on it, any more than he touches on the opposite decision of Hitler, which may well have had opposite consequences. The full-drawn comparison is legitimate ground for an historian who has already proved himself to be more than a chronicler.

Finally, there is biography. Godoy, the pink-faced guardsman from Badajoz, in whom Lady Holland noted "a heavy, sleepy, voluptuous eye, not unlike Lord Amherst," became Minister and Prince of the Peace *via* the queen's bed (but also thanks to a talent for intrigue insufficiently indicated), longed for a kingdom of his own in the spirit of a depressed flat-hunter and ended, as they all do, in the Père Lachaise. There is a psychological inquest still to be held here.

The illustrations are necessarily by Goya. Less happily, the painter flits through the text. We glimpse his "profile of an obese faun" on page 1. His first manner ends in 1793 with

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the war with the Convention; his second after July 23, 1802, when the Duchess of Alba died. The translation seems up to the original, but the Spanish quotations have been taken on trust from the French, often with odd results. This book strives to be *déclassé*, I think mistakenly. Its honest, dependable information yearns to become entertainment, but the parallels are inflexible.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

HOW ARE THEY AT HOME?

A Year of Space. By ERIC LINKLATER. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

The Life for Me. By RUPERT CROFT-COOKE. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

Where I Live. By RONALD DUNCAN. *Museum Press.* 15*s.*

Here are three exercises in ego-manipulation, three popular writers at work on three pieces of book-making about themselves and their habitats. Put them by all means in the shopping basket, with the meat ration and Rags's lead and Binkie's comics, but don't be surprised if Daddy—that old spiv—grumbles: "Bit thin, eh? Couldn't you have got me something with some more body to it, like *Oars, Wars and Horses*, or George Dawson's *Memoirs of a Scrap-Metal Merchant?*"

In *A Year of Space* Mr. Linklater takes you all over the shop: Sweden; a month's official visit to Korea; Australia; New Zealand; New Guinea; Singapore; and finishes in Scotland with bits about his plays and fishing, and a youthful recollection, a vivid one, one of the best things in the book, of George V shooting grouse. There should be plenty of material here for an interesting book. There is. But the trouble with Mr. Linklater is that, instead of concentrating on observing things and recording his reactions, he projects an obfuscatory essayist's fuzz over all. And he is, still, embarrassingly self-conscious of himself in the role of author:

> I had been caught—indeed, caught out—in a scene that looked as if it had been contrived, that framed me in apparent affectation. . . . I was reading the new English translation of Stendhal's *The Green Huntsman*, and the book was propped against a wicker basket that held a half-bottle of Pontet Canet of 1934. Such company—the author and the claret together, was a little too ostentatiously good.

(No need to apologise for drinking claret and reading Stendhal—so long as you can appreciate them.)

Sometimes his military mystique causes him to turn out a paragraph of deepest obscurantism which might have emanated from a moustachioed Beverley Nichols:

> Laughter in the face of greatness has a moving beauty. Wavell wiped a tear of laughter from his wounded eye, and across the breakfast table he seemed to recede and grow in magnitude in the perspective of history.

When he can forget his public self, his company commander's persona, Mr. Linklater's reporting is lively enough, and always readable. He doesn't, despite the official visit, pull punches about the general bloodiness of Korea. He has an eye for Oriental and Antipodean landscape. But his method of lapsing, at the drop of a deer-stalker, into reminiscence, has the effect of blurring his contemporary vision. You get the impression of a man who is travelling, all the time, in a sealed container of his own bathwater; now and again he glances out through the cosy steam, then peers back at his toes. This ought to have been a much better book, but it couldn't have been.

With *The Life For Me* we are in the heart of the Beverley Belt, and there is nothing to do but sit back and revel. Tiring of a London where "pleasure had been rationed and organised into the drilled misery of a holiday camp . . . the pubs seemed crowded with cadgers and crooks, or, worse, with writers and pansies and girls with fringes and dirty hands," Mr. Croft-Cooke bought a Georgian house in the village of Ticehurst and determined to tell us all about it:

> . . . G. B. Stern, paying a visit on a chilly day, thought not. "You must," she said decisively, "have a terrace." The word seemed full of grandeur and implications of impossible expense. Yet Peter Stern's advice was not to be carelessly ignored.

Presently Beverley appears in person:

> When Beverley Nichols came down he looked with favour on the general plan but began at once to ask those awkward questions which lead to long accounts with nurserymen. . . .
>
> "Yes, yes," he said, "but what have you got in? . . . What are you having there?"
>
> "I hadn't really decided."
>
> "*Eucryphia pinnatafolia*," said Beverley with authority. "A gorgeous thing."
>
> "I suppose you really want something to climb there?" I said with what I thought rather crisp irony.
>
> "Yes. Winter jasmine."

There is also a lot about food and drink—some of it most sensible and knowledgeable—and English water-colours, and walking sticks, and his devoted Indian secretary-amanuensis. But there is one particularly alarming sentence, in the part about his library:

> Rather half-heartedly I collect D. H. Lawrence, that shrill Messiah of masturbation whose tautology and drilling emphasis can yet sometimes be calmed to serene and memorable passage.

Mr. Duncan is less pretentious, more straightforward and much more informative. *Where I Live* is on the north coast of Devonshire and, though Mr. Duncan is inclined to ramble, he really does tell you something. He begins with an excellent description of a barrel of burgundy being washed ashore and carries on with active personal rural experiences, interspersed with bits of local history (slack about the Doones, ignorant apparently about the Gubbins) and topography, and comment on the Devonian character and West Country economy: "Looking round at my neighbours I notice how few of them are Devonians and how many of them are colonels." Items of miscellaneous information include the whereabouts of uranium in Cornwall and the text of "The Exmoor Courtship, Or a Suitoring Discourse, in the Devonshire Dialect." Not at all a bad little book, really; better than book-making.

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MOLECULAR HISTORY

The East India Company in Eighteenth Century Politics. By LUCY S. SUTHERLAND. *Oxford.* 35*s.*

Next to playing the power game oneself, there is nothing so exciting as to play it vicariously through the lives of other people. The historian—especially if he belongs to the growing and lapidary school of Sir Lewis Namier—has unique opportunities in this respect. Sir Lewis and his fellow sleuths continue to track down the springs of power with the persistence of beagles, and to build up their structures of *Realpolitik* with the patience of chemists. For them the world of eighteenth-century politics is a vast oyster-bed in which each document, be it letter, memorandum or local register, conceals some succulent morsel of influence, "connexion," or "management." Who can say what psychic drives and impulses are satisfied by this kind of pure scholarship? In comparison with the blameless joys of historical research, the atom scientist, with his doubts and tremblings, is an unenviable case.

Miss Lucy Sutherland's book, coming hard on the heels of Professor Pares's *George III and the Politicians*, is a brilliant piece of detective work in the Namierite manner. Like Sir Lewis himself, Miss Sutherland recognises the temptations of her method. "The investigator of the workings of any political machine," she writes, "tends to form a somewhat cynical impression of the nature and ends of politics. This impression may be sound, but it is not necessarily the whole truth." The results of eighteenth-century political morality "were not as disintegrating as might have been expected." There emerged, "not an orgy of corruption, but a fragile balance between public and private interests."

In her molecular and masterly analysis of the Leadenhall Street political structure between the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748) and Pitt's India Act of 1784, Miss Sutherland shows us this "fragile balance" being maintained in microcosm. The results were frequently disintegrating enough. For almost thirty years rival parties and interests in the Company played Government and opposition off against each other—and were, in their turn, played off by Government and opposition. The Company's debates attained the level of St. Stephen's: its elections became large-scale political attempts to create shareholders' votes by means of splitting stock. Though, according to Miss Sutherland, Henry Fox and possibly Shelburne were the only two politicians to have sought personal gain through East India speculations, the entire political world joined in the scramble. In the great contrast of 1763, which centred on the struggle between Clive and Laurence Sulivan for control of the Company, Newcastle, Portland and Rockingham were all engaged.

> Your Lordship told me [Sulivan wrote to Shelburne] you had secured Lady Betty Germain's £25,000 stock which makes fifty votes . . . If therefore your Lordship has met with difficulties, I beg to know directly. Humphry Morrice has £16,700, Sir Edward Turner £28,500, Sir Mathew Featherstonehaugh (*sic*), £16,000, Henry Lyell, Esqr. £14,500, Marchioness Montandre, £12,000; these divided into qualifications make a number sufficient to overturn opposition added to my own natural interest, but I apprehend it's Government alone that can reach these, and the Ministry's influence (as I have mentioned to Lord Bute), extended to all their dependents to procure qualifications for the whole; and if the enemies of Government are united against me because I am a friend of the present Ministry, and are suffered to act without a counter-balance, I foresee the issue . . .

Two days before the shareholders' book closed the Duke of Newcastle was busy "writing letters to political supporters, not excluding the Bishops

to whom he had given preferment in the days of his power, asking them to exercise their vote in the Company in the support of Clive and his party." Even for the eighteenth century, even for the Duke, this smelt too much like a job. One sympathises with the Bishop of Ely, who replied, through the Bishop of Norwich, that though always ready to obey the Duke's commands, "in this particular there is a kind of management which he cannot approve and the contrivance for splitting votes seems not very consistent with his station and character."

JOHN RAYMOND

BOY ETERNAL

Forrest Reid. By RUSSELL BURLINGHAM. *Faber.* 25*s.*

"Art isn't just life in the raw," says Linton the novelist to the young writer in *Brian Westby*, "it is a vision of life seen through a temperament, and its quality depends on the quality of that temperament far more than on the materials out of which the pattern is woven." Linton is Forrest Reid himself. The pattern of his books, the figure in the carpet, is always the same:

> In the foreground must be the portrait of a boy, but painted in the manner of Rembrandt rather than Bronzino. By this I mean there will be less of firm, clear outline, than of light and shadow. The spirit of youth is not merely bright and vivacious; above all it is not merely thoughtless and noisy. It is melancholy, dreamy, passionate; it is admirable, and it is base; it is healthy, and it is morbid; it is animal and it is spiritual; sensual, yet filled with vague half-realized yearnings after an ideal—that is to say, it is the spirit of life itself, which can never be adequately indicated by the description of a fight or a football match.

The passage was removed when he came to rewrite *Following Darkness* as *Peter Waring*; no doubt the consciousness of a personal intrusion and the slight touch of over-writing jarred on the maturer artist. None the less it is a key passage, for it hints that the varied play of light and shade will prevent his pattern from ever becoming a monotonous formula. "If I had never written a line," he wrote, "that would not alter my conviction that the years of childhood, boyhood and adolescence are the most significant. What follows is chiefly a logical development—the child being father of the man." He saw the years that mattered not through an idealizing haze of sentiment and regret, but with a vision sharpened by experience and he valued them for the qualities which all too soon fade into the common light of day. Sentiment there is in his books, but never sentimentality. The sensitive temperament which so prized the freshness of youth belonged to a man of keen critical intelligence and to a master of kindly irony. It is a paradox that his full appeal is to the mature and cultivated mind, and the pleasure his writing gives is akin to that which we derive from Anatole France, from Henry James, and from Max Beerbohm—the masters he admired. Minor writing, if the large canvas and variety of incident be the test of greatness, but sure in its criticism of life, and the work of a scrupulous unconventional artist writing deeply within the limits of his own experience.

He developed late. He was already exploring his own special field in *The Garden God* (a Pateresque idyll of which the innocent dedication cost him the timorous friendship of Henry James) and in the two early novels he thought worth rewriting towards the end of his life. But there were false starts after that in the conventional kind of novel which was never his kind, and it was not till *Apostate* that he fully found himself and his style. That remarkable book, written in his fifties, is a spiritual autobiography unlike any other. It relives his own early years, and no significant feeling or experience is forgotten—and none falsified. Few things he wrote are more moving, more charged with emotional suspense, than the quiet closing pages where the companion of his lonely dream world becomes at last a tangible reality.

The subsequent novels are the complement of the autobiography. Two of them, studies in the relations of youth and age, represent the achieved perfection of his art as novelist. In *Brian Westby* the treatment is realistic and the issue is faced in all its tragedy. In *Uncle Stephen* there is a blending of dream and reality, and with willing suspension of disbelief the reader accepts a world where the two are hardly distinguishable.

> Uncle Stephen laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. He kept it there while they continued to pace slowly up and down the lawn, Tom silent, Uncle Stephen talking of their approaching travels. . . . They were as companions. Objects which he had loved before were dearer now. From the boy there came feelings and emanations—things which were light to the sun and music to the wind: and the old man's heart seemed born again . . .

No novelist of our day has written a subtler prose. It is the true novelist's prose, the result of long hard discipline. Aiming more and more at a limpid economy it can suggest more than it states, and it creates the overtones of poetry essential to his effects without resorting to conscious poetic devices. That style is at its best in evoking the landscape background of Antrim and Down and the broken sunlight and shadow of the loved Lagan valley, from which he never moved and which are the settings for almost all his stories. Only in that respect can he be called a regional Irish writer. But these northern woods and hills were haunted by unseen familiar presences, not for him from the Celtic twilight but from the older timeless world of Greek mythology. They were to lead him in the end to the Anthology, and to tell the story of Demophon son of Keleos, companion of Hermes, "who because of something divine in him had divine adventures." From an innate pantheism comes much of the moral beauty that bathes all Forrest Reid's writing.

Mr. Burlingham's book will please those who knew him and are admirers of his work. It will also help the younger generation who are discovering him and attract new readers. The bibliography, though not always accurate in points of detail, is exhaustive and valuable. The critic draws a convincing portrait of the man and makes a detailed study of five of the novels. *The Gentle Lover* he might perhaps have spared; it is not a major work, nor did the author in later years hold it of much account. *Pirates of the Spring* would better have fitted his theme. Long out of print and little known it is the least introspective and happiest of all in catching the fleeting mood of

> Lads that thought there was no more behind
> But such a day tomorrow as today,
> And to be boy eternal.

Mr. Burlingham writes with understanding and modesty, yet with an enthusiasm that has all the courage of its convictions. It is a young man's book, but these are just the qualities Forrest liked in a young writer; and few have known and helped more young writers than he did.

JOHN BRYSON

AMONG THE CYCLES

The Growth and Fluctuation of the British Economy, 1790-1850. By A. D. GAYER, W. W. ROSTOW, and A. J. SCHWARTZ. *Oxford.* 2 vols. 84*s.*

These impressively thick volumes are both too short and too long—too short in that they sometimes rely on inadequate material and frequently present tabloid conclusions, too long in that they are burdened by too much repetition both of fact and of argument. "Despite its length and compression," the authors themselves admit, "the *History* is, in a sense, journalistic. Only the major lines are sketched in: the economist's questions are answered only in first approximation, at best."

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of cyclical behaviour, and second of the statistical material investigated.

The method employed is that of the American National Bureau of Economic Research. The name of the Bureau appears at regular intervals as a talisman of the whole gigantic enterprise. Historians will find the frequent references to the Bureau jading: economists may find the methods of the Bureau cumbrous. It will be some time before critical reviews by economists appear. Reading these two volumes is not merely a matter of appetite, it is also a matter of digestive capacity. Any review at all at this stage means that the reviewer has been gobbling his food.

The presentation of the problem is elaborate. "Major cycles" appear to have occurred between 1790 and 1850, as they have done since, at an average interval of nine years. The history of the cycles is not told continuously. Each period of nine years is broken into two, and the diagrams, statistics and detailed narratives are provided separately. As the authors themselves say, "the reader is forced mentally to shuttle back and forth over these short periods, carrying over, from one section to the next, the relevant portions of the argument." It is very exhausting, rather like carrying unfinished dishes from one dining room to another, while still hungry. Is the labour worth while?

The historian must answer yes, at least as far as Part I is concerned. The period from the canal boom of the 1790s to the building of the Crystal Palace covers the emergence of Britain as the dominant economic power of the world. Professor Rostow ably traces the fortunes of the economy from its early stages of industrialism, through the continental wars, and across the three decades of subsequent adjustment and advance.

The story, as he tells it, is one entirely of business fluctuations and trends, mainly fluctuations. It is not concerned in detail with institutions, techniques, social changes, or policies. It claims to complement Clapham and not to act as a substitute. Unfortunately, however, Professor Rostow makes many dubious—often borrowed—generalisations about society and politics: he forgets that political as well as economic history has its "sub-structure." More modest in his declared aims than he is in his performance, he sometimes comes perilously near to implying that cyclical history offers the key to "total history."

He is anxious to bring historians and economists closer together, but he may drive them farther apart. It is not only "the full arsenal of the economist's vocabulary" which separates them, but the utility of the notion of the cycle itself. Cyclical changes interest historians in so far as they influence the balance of industry and agriculture, the level of employment and the response of economic groups and government to changing conditions. But the cycle remains a less useful unit to consider than the year or the century. After examining these volumes historians will continue to insist that cycles did not exist in the same simple sense that the Corn Laws existed, and they will wait (perhaps indefinitely) for an analysis which deals not only with short-term changes but also with the rate of growth.

Historians will make other complaints. The narrative in Volume I discusses Britain only and not the inter-action between the British and other economies. It is curious that Volume II, designed for economists, pays more attention to the dependence of the British economy on the opening-up of new lands overseas, population growth and movement, and international flows of capital.

The final complaint is a parallel one. These volumes present an over-all picture based on over-all statistics. But can we talk throughout this period of *a* British economy, *a* labour market or *a* price level? Detailed study of different groups and different localities may not be a refinement of Professor Rostow's work, but a pre-condition of all general statements about the economy.

The most suggestive ideas in these volumes—about the difference of the place of iron and cotton in the economic system or the relative importance of real and monetary factors—are only indirectly related to the bare conceptual plan. They will continue to stimulate historians while economists argue about the causal role of harvest fluctuations and the relation between changes in consumers' incomes and business cycle movements. The historians and not the economists must have the last word, since there is no real theory of the cycle advanced in these volumes, the statistical data is inadequate for the scientific testing of hypotheses, and each cycle examined is in some sense unique.

One warning is necessary. It would be disastrous for the future of economic history if economic historians were merely to become mediators or brokers in a prolonged interchange of cyclical ideas and concepts between historians and economists. Stranded among the specific cycles, economic history would wither away unlamented by both sides.

ASA BRIGGS

NEW NOVELS

Happy for the Child. By ROBIN JENKINS. *Lehmann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Road in the Wilderness. By PETER PINNEY. *Australasian Book Society.* 15*s.*

Treble Chance. By PAUL CHADBURN. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Happy for the Child is one of the most interesting novels by a new writer I have read for years; the most impressive since Mr. Walter Baxter's *Look Down in Mercy*. A new writer of this quality in fact calls for examination in a larger context, and just as *Look Down in Mercy* was one of the best novels written about the Second World War by any writer, new, shop-soiled or second-hand, so *Happy for the Child* is one of the best novels to have come out of Scotland since the death of Lewis Grassic Gibbon.

Some qualification would now be in place. *Happy for the Child* is, as Stevenson said of *Weir of Hermiston* 'gey Scotch' and might be described as having been enriched by the manure of tradition. Less kindly it might be said to lack any profound originality; for instance the insane maliciousness of some of Mr. Jenkins's characters seems rather a product of *The House with the Green Shutters* than of direct contact with reality. Yet when these qualifications are made, *Happy for the Child* remains a novel full of talent—robust, authentic, vivid, touching, poetic, and imbued with creative dottiness.

Having described the book as robust, I should make it clear that it is not so by reason of a "strong" plot. It is rather an *étude de moeurs* of the Scottish working- and lower-middle-class in the Depressed Areas between the wars. John Stirling, son of a widowed mother who is obliged to work as a charwoman, wins a scholarship to a fee-paying secondary school. He is neurotically anxious to conceal his poverty, but in the end it comes out. Nothing very much happens; John has perhaps learned not to try to run so fast away from reality. His portrait is drawn with skill and feeling, but really he is rather a stick, and remains unsympathetic. Almost all the other major characters in the book, and even the minor ones—his mother and sister, his teachers and his friends and enemies and their parents—whether they are sympathetic or not, are so real that you can hear the very tones of their voices. Mrs. Stirling, proud, reserved, ambitious and resentful, is admirable; the elder Gourlay (a weel-kent name, this), the unemployed philosopher, is an ambitious and almost wholly successful attempt at presenting a not uncommon kind of Scottish working-man, self-educated, thoughtful, and turned by circumstances into an embittered clown. His gentle, plain daughter, and John Stirling's pretty, jealous sister are both clearly and surely drawn. But it is the young Gourlay who is the most remarkable creation of this book. Simple, rude, tough, semi-delinquent, hungry,

cold and neglected, young Gourlay is a poetic and heroic personification of a time and place—a Huckleberry Finn of Blantyre in the Thirties. The expedition which he makes to John Stirling's select Academy, in the course of which he is cheated, fooled, covered with the contents of the cat's tray, and generally humiliated, is at once painfully funny and richly symbolic.

If *Happy for the Child* falls short of being the book it might have been, it is, I think, by being a little too careful, insufficiently elliptic, too kind to the reader, not quite dotty enough. The commonplace has not been quite burned out of it. The publishers say, however, that Mr. Jenkins has already completed a second novel and is at work upon a third. We may have something very remarkable indeed to look forward to.

Road in the Wilderness is also powerful and vivid, but it owes some of its effect to the accidental circumstance that the subject (the war fought by the Australians in Bougainville) and the language (Australian troops' talk and Melanesian pidgin) are strange to us. It is a book more full of blood, toil, sweat and tears than it is of feeling; yet it has feeling too, and it gives the impression, which is unusual and refreshing, that its toughness is genuine and unassumed. Even a character called the Mouse, who is observed at one point creeping "like a plague rat," under the huts to murder the Japanese wounded, and who in other hands might appear exaggerated, is quite ferociously real in Mr. Pinney's. *Road in the Wilderness* is a simple tale of the guerilla operations of an Independent Company, and all the characters are ungentlemanly persons from the outback whose prisoners, so Base complains, never live long. Their talk and their doings are alike impressive in their sense of authenticity; the action of the book, and there is plenty, is excitingly described; and personal relations, if naturally unsubtle, are realistic. But above all it is the atmosphere of guerilla jungle warfare that is caught—the brutality and independence, the mud, moisture and hookworm, the excitement, the fatigue. Without pretensions to be more, this is an excellent piece of war-reporting.

The kind of credibility possessed by *Happy for the Child* and *Road in the Wilderness* is not sought by Mr. Paul Chadburn. *Treble Chance* is a curious kind of realistic fantasy about a mousy young man who joins an organisation devoted to what might be described as living behind the wainscot of the Welfare State. Meanwhile he is being chased by a girl who believes she has won a football pool. These goings-on are described with a Rabelaisianism at once self-conscious and fatigued, and large areas of *Treble Chance* are exceedingly tedious. Through all the silliness, however, runs a vein of genuine disgust, an offended sense of physical shoddiness and spiritual worthlessness, which has occasional echoes of Orwell, and which deserves better support than Mr. Chadburn gives it.

J. D. SCOTT

SPOTLIGHT ON NATURE

The Lost Woods. By EDWIN WAY TEAL. *Hale.* 21*s.*

The great English natural history tradition is very much part of the American heritage. In Thoreau, Agassiz, Thompson Seton, and a thousand others, the passion has shown itself to be as wide and varied, and as pleasantly amateur, in the United States as it has been in England from the days of Bacon onward. To this tradition Mr. Edwin Way Teal clearly belongs.

Like Thoreau, Mr. Teal was, as a child of six, taken on an expedition to the great woods near his grandfather's home. Many years later when he returned to the district, the woods were gone—

> The Lost Woods became a starting point and a symbol . . . All the events recorded in this book began, in a way, in the Lost Woods. They are events that occurred on diverse trails down which the interest in natural history led me. They are the remembered days of a naturalist, experiences I have often relived in memory and here relive on paper.

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NEW MAGAZINE SHOWS CHINA TO BRITAIN

Madame Sun Yat-sen heads publishers

Progressive people in Britain have often felt the need for more information of a factual and objective character about what is happening in China. They will welcome now the effort made to fill this gap by the China Welfare Institute, whose chairman, Madame Sun Yat-sen is known and respected throughout the world.

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It is illustrated with photographs, woodcuts and drawings and gives a unique picture of Chinese cultural, economic, scientific and social development unobtainable from any other source. Try a year's subscription It only costs 5/-, (9/- for 2 years) Send in this coupon TODAY.

Madame Sun Yat-sen visiting villagers in North east China

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It is fair to say that the experiences have probably gained rather than lost with each reliving process, and that this gain is very genuinely passed on, to the reader's advantage. Mr. Teal is by profession a magazine feature-writer; which means that he is an adept at manipulating any given material to produce a foreseen effect. At times, so skilful is he, one is tempted to question his amateur status. His description of flying an aeroplane into the heart of a cloud is admirable, and must surely remain so however commonplace such journeys may become. His description of visiting a dynamite factory is by comparison slick. And, wherever he is—in field, factory, or cloud—one is conscious of him as one is not conscious of the author when reading Fabre or Darwin. And Mr. Teal is very agreeable. Still, he is at his best in dealing with the less dramatic or less easily dramatised situations—though if it comes to that, he can work up a sense of drama over a slime fungus.

Certainly the writing of so accomplished a journalist is never less than readable. When he had spent an exciting day watching fifty Great White Herons, he was called on deck in the night

> to witness one of the strangest, most ethereal sights I have ever seen. The bay, the black mass of Sandy Key, the white form of the anchored *Spoonbill*, all were flooded with moonlight. And above the white, silent boat, silent, ghostly forms on wide white wings were climbing upward into a moonlit sky. One by one they passed noiselessly over the sleeping boat. The great white herons were leaving their rich feeding-grounds in the lee of Audubon's Island. They were winging their way to mangrove roosts on other keys. The tide was up at last; the herons were going home.

The sentiment is always nicely calculated; there is never a hint of vulgarity. Yet, for all the technique, the actual observations, when one comes to them, strike one as authentic and trustworthy.

> For half a hundred years and more, the old apple trees of that orchard hillside had responded, with bud and blossom, to each new spring. In yearly succession, new instalments of robins and blackbirds had alighted on their branches. . .

That is a small part of the prelude to an intimate and accurate description of a wild bee's behaviour. And once the bee appears one gets good straight reporting. There is no distortion, no embarrassing attempt to endow bird or beast or insect with human view-points, human emotions. Mr. Teal, selecting and rejecting as anyone—even a Fabre or a Darwin—must, has a feature-writer's spotlight for the appropriate moment, that is all. It is a gift for which his readers, and one may predict that they will be many, may well be most grateful. It is a gift which Mr. Teal displays with no less assurance and artistry in the many first-rate photographs with which he illustrates his text. In general production the book comes fairly up to a pre-war standard.

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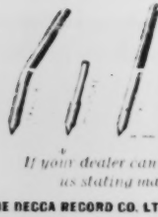

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

IN further effort to avoid confusion, I shall in future prefix the number of each recording with a letter (or letters) indicating the name of the company, as follows:

G. H.M.V.
C. Columbia.
Cap. Capitol.
A. Argo (29, George St., W.1).
All. Allegro.
M. Monarch (9, Adam St., W.C.2).
V. Vox (231, Oxford St., W.1).
D. Decca
B. Brunswick.
N. Nixa.
P. Parlophone.

Orchestral. BEETHOVEN: Seventh Symphony (Philharmonia/Karajan. C. §33CX1035.) A very different rendering from Kleiber's (D. *§LXT-2547)—much more deliberate in the first three movements, much faster in the Finale. Personally I prefer Kleiber's, though perhaps he drives the Andante a little hard; his recording, too, is cleaner and more realistic. In the slow passages of the Columbia version the pitch wavers, and throughout the work the woodwind is distant and miserable in tone; but I think it possible that some gramophones may take more kindly to this recording than mine does. MENDELSSOHN: Third Symphony ("Scottish") LSO/Solti. D. *§LXT2768); Ditto (Vienna Sym Orch/Klemperer. V. *§PL7080); Fourth Symphony ("Italian") (RPO/Beecham. C. *§33C1006.) Apart from some rather thin and edgy violins, the Decca recording of the Third is decidedly the better, and Solti's beat never allows the music to sag. But his tempo in the coda of the Finale is surely too fast for *maestoso*. Despite a less immediate recording, I prefer the Vox disc, for Klemperer gives a far grander and more exciting account of this picturesque music. In the Fourth Sir Thomas secures a brilliantly gay performance, and the recording is well forward. I wish he had restored the repeat in the first movement; but this is now much the best version of the symphony, although the string tone leaves something to be desired. MAHLER: Second Symphony (Soloists/Chorus/Vienna Sym Orch/Klemperer. V. §PL7012—2 discs); Fourth Symphony (New York Phil Sym/Walter. C. *§33CX1034). The Second Symphony is perhaps Mahler's most questionable work. The vast, heterogeneous scheme; the jerry-built first movement; the sentimentality of the material; the straining after sublimity; the tuppence-coloured view of the Resurrection: these are disheartening. But the work contains many passages of beauty, and even of charm that do not fade. I shall not pretend that this recording is on the whole successful: the engineers have let far too much through, the climaxes are little more than noise, and there are moments of bad pitch-wavering throughout. On the credit side is a superb performance, authentic and instinct with deep feeling, and for long stretches (particularly in the central movements) the recording is quite satisfactory. After Bruno Walter, Klemperer is probably the finest Mahler conductor alive; and, despite its faults, I found this record a most moving experience. The Columbia version of No. 4 has been improved out of all recognition in transfer to L.P. Though still not as well *recorded* as the Van Beinum disc, Walter's performance is so much more affectionate and idiomatic that I for one would have no hesitation in choosing it. FRANCK: Symphony in D (San Francisco Sym Orch/Monteux. G. *§ALP1019). Here at last is the performance to reconcile the luke-warm to this emotional, ill-constructed, but noble symphony. I cannot recall ever hearing the first movement sound as convincing as Monteux makes it, by dint of a perfectly steady beat and a tight hold on dynamics. There is occasional woodwind distortion in the second movement and some little congestion in the apoplectic Finale; but the recording is on the whole very rich. WALTON: Symphony (Philharmonia/Walton. G. §ALP1027). After waiting so many years for a new recording of this thrilling work, it is disappointing to have to assert that this LP is only a partial success. It must, of course, have been a major problem to get so noisy a score on to disc at all; but some loss of immediacy would have been preferable to the orchestral glare that rises from page after page of this vehement and hostile music. I do not wish to give the impression that the disc is a total loss, and in any case the performance is a fine one; but few gramophones—and fewer rooms—would accommodate it. MOZART: Violin Concertos, G major, K 216 and D major, K 218 (Goldberg/Philharmonia/Süsskind. P. *§PMA1003). A most welcome coupling. Szymon Goldberg gives a beautiful exhibition of calm, classical playing, marred only slightly by thinness of tone and occasional false intonation. The balance is excellent, the woodwind well forward, and the string tone good, though not ideally sweet. SIBELIUS: Violin Concerto (Wicks/Stockholm Radio Sym Orch/Ehrling. Cap. *§CTL7026). Camilla Wick's performance in this concerto has caused me to revise my opinion of Isaac Stern's, which has (with some loss of quality) just been transferred to LP (C. *§33C1008). With her splendid G string, her masculine tone, her confident attack and easy technical assurance, Mme Wicks strongly reminds me of the lamented Ginette Neveu. Mr. Stern is certainly an impressive virtuoso; but again and again in the course of this work he yields to the Swedish player in subtlety of phrasing, in all-round comprehension of the music, and at one point (the octaves near the end of the first movement) in intonation. The Capitol recording allows us to hear more of the orchestral detail than the Columbia LP; but, although the balance with the solo is good, the bass is a little heavy and readers are warned that side 1 starts a full semitone sharp (the pitch sinks gradually in the course of the first movement). SIBELIUS: *The Swan of Tuonela* (Sym Orch/Stokowski. G. DB21555). This record seems to me to be put out of court by the fact that the tone of the cor anglais (played by one Mitchell Miller) is indistinguishable from that of a saxophone. The Ormandy version (G. *DB-5832) remains the best available. TCHAIKOVSKY: Piano Concerto No. 1, B flat minor (La Bruchollerie/Vienna Municipal Philharmonia/Moralt. V. *§PL7720). Monique de la Bruchollerie gives a startlingly brilliant performance in a work which makes no heavy interpretative demands. She has power, an incisive touch, and commands all the delicacy needed to bring out the wistful beauty of the Andante. The balance and piano tone are extremely good, and the recording would be a double-star but for some constriction in the heaviest tuttis. Possessors of the Solomon disc need not feel obliged to change it, but on balance I feel this to be the most enjoyable version at present obtainable. HANDEL: 6 Organ Concertos, Op. 4 (Kraft/Stuttgart Pro Musica Chamber Orch/Reinhardt. V.**§PL7131—2 discs); Ditto, Nos. 1 and 2 (Demessieux/Suisse Romande/Ansermet. D. §LXT2749). The Vox recording is admirable, and in this kind of music Walter Kraft's gentle registration and omission of pedals is greatly preferable to the heavy, anachronistic tones produced by Jeanne Demes-

sieux. DELIUS: Dance Rhapsody No. 1; *Hassan*: Intermezzo and Serenade (RPO/Beecham G. DB9785-6). This piece is a set of variations strongly recalling *Brigg Fair*, to which, however, despite some charming passages, it seems to me inferior. Sir Thomas conducts with evident enjoyment, but the recording is too fierce to suit all gramophones. Also recommended: LAMBERT: *The Rio Grande* (Greenbaum/Ripley/Chorus/Philharmonia/Lambert) and Excerpts from *Horoscope*; WALTON: *Façade*, suites 1 and 2 (Philharmonia/Lambert. C. **§33SX-1093); RESPIGHI: *Feste romane* (NBCSO/ Toscanini. (G *§BLP1011); VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Tallis Fantasia (BBC/Sargent. G. *DB9783-4. Now the best version on SP).

Chamber Music and Piano. CHOPIN: Polonaises, Nos. 1-6 (Rubinstein. G. *§ALP 1028. Rubinstein's brilliant renderings of these pieces have not radically altered since he made the pre-war set. The rhythms are taut and never monotonous, the pedalling discreet, the dynamic range sober (in the A major Polonaise, Op. 40, a very important consideration!). The recording is metallic to begin with, but improves up to 2-star standard on side 2. CHOPIN: Waltzes—complete (Pennairo. Cap. §CTL7027). Leonard Pennario's sense of style, usually remarkable for so young a pianist, on this occasion deserts him almost completely. Even his wonderful technique has here suffered from a general uncertainty of aim; above all, his bass is much too heavy, and the pieces are hurried along with our elegance or that waywardness which is the secret of their charm. BACH: Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue (Matthews. C. *DX8403-4). Here, Denis Matthews very sensibly does not attempt the grand style, which is not accessible to him; he plays the work delicately and thoughtfully, rather as Chopin might have played it, in the last year of his life. The result is admirable in its way; but the Fantasia, at any rate, has the character of a dramatic improvisation and ought really to be made the occasion for stronger contrasts of tone and touch. The fill-up is the Prelude and Fugue in C major, No. 1 of the Forty-eight. The recording is excellent. Also recommended: SCARLATTI: Sonatas, E minor, L. 275, D minor, L. 413 (Gieseking. C. **LB136); SCHUMANN: Adagio and Allegro for horn and piano, Op. 70 (Brain/Moore. C. **DX1867).

Vocal. BEETHOVEN: Missa solemnis (Soloists/Akademie Chorus/Vienna Sym. Orch./Klemperer. V. **§PL6960—2 discs). The salient feature of this remarkable recording is the triumphant success with which the problem of balance (difficult enough in a live performance) has been solved: not only is the chorus prevented from blanketing the orchestra, but the woodwind soars with surprising clarity above even the heaviest choral polyphony. The soloists do not make a perfect blend, and sometimes seem too loud—especially in the Benedictus which, despite a violin solo of steady, unruffled beauty, is the least satisfactory part of the recording. But whatever the faults, they are too slight to mar the impression of sublimity achieved by this splendid performance. RAVEL: *Shéhérazade;* MUSSORGSKY: Songs and Dances of Death (Tourel/Columbia Sym. Orch./Bernstein. C. **§33CX 1029). Sumptuous though it was in its SP form, this remarkable recording of Ravel's song-cycle has been improved in its transfer to LP: the tonal range is greater, the climaxes are more comfortable. In Mussorgsky's four strange and wonderful songs, which are admirably accompanied on the piano by Leonard Bernstein, Mme Tourel makes a powerfully authentic impression. Also recommended: BORODIN: *Prince Igor*—"I hate a dreary life"; GLINKA: *A Life for the Tsar* —Susanin's aria (Rossi-Lemeni. G. **DB21559); WOLF: *Wiegenlied im Sommer* and *Mausfallensprüchlein;* STRAUSS: "*Hat gesagt, bleibt's nicht dabei*" and *Schlechtes Wetter* (Schwarzkopf/Moore. C. **LX1577).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,202

Set by Guy Walsingham

Competitors are invited to try their hand at writing the blurb of a book entitled *The Snob's Guide to the Literary World*. Nobody need limit themselves to London or these islands. Limit, 150 words. Entries by March 17.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,199

Set by Tom Bowling

It has been suggested to the Royal Commission on Marriage and Divorce that there should be a Highway Code on Marriage for issue by the registrar to prospective spouses. The usual prizes are offered for extracts from such a document. Limit 150 words of prose or a dozen lines of verse.

Report by Tom Bowling

"What a pity," complained one competitor, "that the best ideas are unprintable!" Agreed; but this week, as it happens, the content of the entries was, on the whole, sacred rather than profane. There was an embarrassment of sound advice, most of which I was tempted to pass on to the Royal Commission: "Avoid crossing your spouse, especially before breakfast" (Ralph Elliott); "Avoid overtaking partner at his or her speciality" (E. M. de Foubert); "Remember that happiness cannot buy money" (Findlay P. Murdoch). There was also some less sound. For instance, E. M. Woolt's specific for ending marital arguments (Smile and say "You're quite wrong, but I love you") seemed admirably calculated to land one in the divorce court. I liked D. L. L. Clarke's second stanza:

> And if a model known as fast
> Attempts to overtake
> And gains on you apply the brake
> And briskly wave her past,

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DR. and French wife seek cheap accom. Brentwood area. Ckg. facils. Box 7289.

YNG. woman, affable, intelligent, wd. like share in flat with small group youngish people. Own rm. Central Box 7365.

PROF. man (Home leave), 3 pers., sks. furn. house, flat, April-May, London suburbs or Home Counties. Box 7221.

YOUNG lady reqs. bed-sit. flat with piano. Mod. terms. Central London. Box 7390.

EDINBURGH. Young graduate couple expecting baby seek reasonable part-unfurnished flat/rooms. Box 7131.

FLAT, cottage, converted loft, wanted to rent by one professional lady, considerate tenant, near/in Chelmsford, Essex. Anything considered. Box 6809.

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MITRE CLUB
STATIONERY
Try Mitre Club next time—the new notepaper with a specially-processed, satin-smooth finish that does make writing easier! Available in white and an attractive new shade of blue in pads in three sizes 1/1, 1/4, 2/-, and in boxes of single and double sheets with distinctive envelopes to match.
FROM ALL REALLY GOOD STATIONERS

and P. M.'s salutary couplet :

Extend both arms if wishing to turn *in*.
Don't say "I'm off to bed—lock up—chin-chin."

A first prize of two guineas to Lakon, twenty-five shillings each to Granville Garley and Pat Bullen and a consolation prize of ten and sixpence to Allan M. Laing.

1. Marriages it is said are made in heaven, but on earth there are also certain formalities. Is yours registered? If not there may be difficulties later. Ask at your Town Hall for particulars.

2. Being married doesn't necessarily entitle you to a house. Abraham lived in a tent and managed quite well. You can, however, apply to your local council. They will help you if they can.

3. Two are not expected to live as cheaply as one. If you pay Income Tax at the full rate you are entitled to a rebate of about twelve shillings a week. Don't squander it. But make sure you get it. Make your return promptly.

4. Marriage was ordained for the avoidance of fornication and for the procreation of children. Don't overdo it! There is a clinic in your neighbourhood. Your National Health subscriptions entitle you to use it without extra charge.

LAKON

1. The principal causes of broken marriages are men, women, other men and other women.

2. Where there is a double bed, share it.

3. The best things in life are free, but unobtainable.

4. Treat an in-law as you would an escaped lion : show interest, treat with respect, and keep well away.

5. Three rules for a happy marriage :
(i) Don't expect too much ;
(ii) Don't expect much ;
(iii) Don't expect.

6. Never forget a birthday : if you don't remember your own, others won't.

7. Children help a marriage : their parents are necessarily alone less.

8. Never argue, you're probably both wrong.

9. Even a honeymoon must end some time.

10. Sex is a splendid pastime but a tedious occupation.

N.B.—Persons re-marrying may obtain a copy of the refresher booklet : *Second Helping*.

GRANVILLE GARLEY

FOR MEN

Above all, keep the woman from the wheel,
She'll go scot-free, but *you'll* have no appeal ;
Keep her from adding passengers en route,
But there ! time teaches when to wield the boot ;
It's a long one-way stretch without a fork,
If you crave change, then get out now—and walk.

FOR WOMEN

Never look back, the view is limited,
Besides, the nasty snarl is straight ahead ;
Curb your instructions, close by is the gutter—
Breakdown can follow from a quiet mutter ;
Never compare your driver with another,
Unless, of course, you *want* to live with Mother.

PAT BULLEN

Lest shock and horror lead to strife,
Make sure you know "the facts of life."

Marriage is better when it's maty :
So, if you're twenty, don't wed eighty.

Does He want children ? What says She ?
Before you marry, best agree.

Hygiene approves when married heads
Nod at each other from twin beds.

Don't get wed till you can grab
A furnished flat or small pre-fab.

If mother means to live with you,
Put painless poison in her stew.

ALLAN M. LAING

CHESS : Lasker and the Liar

No. 179

"I will not suffer a liar in my house," was Emanuel Lasker's simple comment while putting a handsome clock in the dustbin ; it had annoyed him by not being as consistently true as a clock ought to be. This and a good many other revealing anecdotes can be found in Dr. J. Hannak's "Emanuel Lasker," just out (*Siegfried Engelhardt Verlag*, DM.10.80). It may be a little verbose in parts, yet the author's patently sincere devotion to his subject makes the man Lasker come to life, that queer, lovable man with his many interests beyond Chess. How right Albert Einstein is when pointing out in his preface how desperately Lasker tried, all his life, to get away from Chess, and how inevitably he was fated to return. But then, as a chess player too Lasker was invariably a philosopher and a psychologist. His uncanny knack of forcing his will on his opponent is copiously illustrated among the 100 games collected in this book (and ranging from 1889 to 1936). Of this *embarras de richesse* I will pick a game not quite as well remembered as it ought to be : Lasker's win against Napier at Cambridge Springs, 1904, a triumph of consistency on both sides. Of this game the loser proudly said that it was the best he had ever played. Note the extraordinary complications between the 14th and 21st moves ; and how three moves later, though a R down, Napier seems set for the win, while Lasker (White) calmly proceeds to unload his material advantage and consistently to resume his original attack.

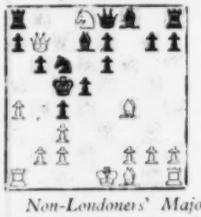
(1)	P-K4	P-QB4	(19)	B-B5	P x RP
(2)	Kt-QB3	Kt-QB3	(20)	B-B4	P x P !
(3)	Kt-KB3	P-KKt3	(21)	B x BP	Kt-K5 ! !
(4)	P-Q4	P x P	(22)	B x R	B x KtP
(5)	Kt x P	B-Kt2	(23)	R-QKt1	B-B6 ch
(6)	B-K3	P-Q3	(24)	K-B1	B-KKt5
(7)	P-KR3	Kt-KB3	(25)	B x KRP !	B x B
(8)	P-KKt4	O-O-	(26)	R x B	Kt-Kt6 ch
(9)	P-Kt5	Kt-K1	(27)	K-Kt2	Kt x R
(10)	P-KR4	Kt-B2	(28)	R x P	P-R4
(11)	P-KB4	P-K4	(29)	R-Kt3	B-Kt2
(12)	Kt(4)-K2	P-Q4	(30)	R-KR3	Kt-Kt6
(13)	P x QP	Kt-Q5	(31)	K-B3	R-R3
(14)	Kt x Kt	Kt x P !	(32)	K x P	Kt-K7 ch
(15)	Kt-B5 !	Kt x Kt	(33)	K-B5	Kt-B6
(16)	Q x Q	R x Q	(34)	P-R3	Kt-R5
(17)	Kt-K7 ch	K-R1	(35)	B-K3	resigns
(18)	P-R5 !	R-K1 !			

A : Emanuel Lasker

In this week's competition, pride of place belongs to one of Lasker's own endgame studies—White to win. Alas, there are very few of them, but this one is a classic, probably known to the more erudite competitors ; the others may have to work hard for their 6 points. The usual 4-pointer for beginners is **B**, a game position with a pretty mate in two for White. **C**—White to draw—is not so easy and well worth 7 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by March 16.

B : Spielmann 1928



C : G. Zachodjakin 1949

Non-Londoners' Majority move : (1) *P-K4*.
Londoners' answers due by March 11.

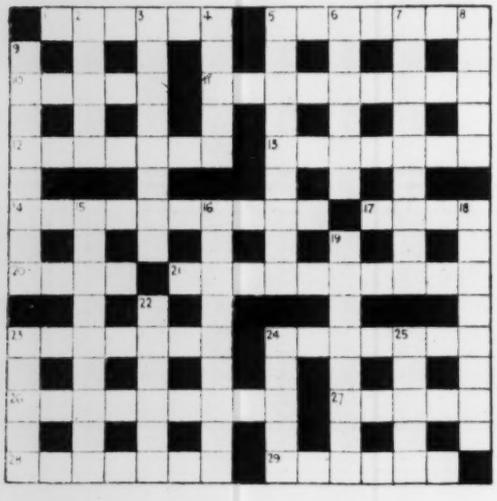
REPORT OF COMPETITION

Set February 14

A : (1) B-R6. (2) Q-R1, R x B ! (3) P x R, Q-K7, etc.
B : (1) R-Kt8 ch, K any. (2) P x P, K x P. (3) R-Kt1 !, P-K8 (Kt) ch. (4) K-Kt2, P queens ch. (5) K x Q, Kt-B7 ch. (6) K-Kt2, Kt-P. (7) B-Kt2 ch, K-Kt1. (8) K-B3 !, Kt-R3. (9) R-QKt1 ch and mates next move.
C : (1) P-Kt7, Kt-Q2. (2) P queens, P queens. (3) B x P ch, Q-B5 ! (4) K-R7 !, B x B. (5) Q x B, Q x Q, stalemate.

Surprisingly many competitors were stumped by **B** and or **C**. Prizes shared by E. Allan, Leslie Hale, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg. Other correct entries : K. Beaumont, D. E. Cohen, F. R. Oliver. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 38



ACROSS

1. If you want a luxury place, vote for a conservative of the modern era (6).
5. Playwright of the tiny river written about summer time (7).
10. There is nothing in the trick to cause an upheaval (5).
11. Yorkshire waters in London (9).
12. Back the favourites before she makes a name (7).
13. Comintern police ? (7).
14. The philosopher and master perhaps has the energy to grind (10).
17. Where to put a drink back (4).
20. Patrons of art in the Lenin era (4).
21. A lone catch and a rare specimen (10).
23. Rhyming routine (7).
24. Baronets beheaded and torn to pieces for a serious crime (7).
26. Religious founder who prepared animals for burnt offerings ? (9).
27. Miss Green ? (5).
28. How the ear reacts to light infantry guns (7).
29. Appropriate name for a philosopher (6)

DOWN

2. Entertain a girl of twenty (5).
3. A nymph may be shut in a closed space (8).
4. Godless port of a city (5).
5. The torrent after changing course makes a gap in the embankment (9).
6. A girl shows finish in an article of clothing (6).
7. Stamina broken before an Australian (9).
8. But second-class ones would be waterways (5).
9. The fellow after the vote is a M.P. (8).
15. Report on farming efficiency; they are outstanding (9).
16. Tie up with the ship's officers for companions (9).
18. Pale study of a story-teller (8).
19. River brings pain to a ruined soul (8).
22. Make a break in the island (6).
23. Nut-brown maiden ? (5).
24. It may be worth a gamble (5).
25. Sounds like a crafty turn in Ireland (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 37

WHERE TO STAY

CHAGFORD, Devon. Come in Spring for the fresh loveliness of Dartmoor. Moor Park Hotel, a delightful old Coaching House, for hospitality & comfort. Modern amenities, Cocktail Bar, Riding; Trout Fishing. Central for runs to the coasts. A.A., R.A.C. Res. Props.: Randle & Robinson. Tel.: 2202.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House in loveliest beauty-spot, sea and country, on S. Coast. 3 minutes sandy beach; H. & C.; Continental cooking; children welcomed. Golding, 52 Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

JERSEY, St. John's Hotel. April & May, 7*gns.* wkly. Brochure. Northern 601.

HARVARD Guide to France does not describe seaside resorts as "stupendously picturesque," "of magnificent grandeur" or merely "of inexpressible charm," but a disinterested and unvarnished idea is given of all the resorts so as to help you choose one that appeals to you.—2*s.* 3*d.* post-free from Joseph Harvard, 15 Brookfield, London, N.6.

WRITER offers private beach, sailing, fishing. Large double room. Excellent cooking. Also 3-berth house-boat. Meals provided if required. From 3½*gns.* Compton, Penculenick, Fowey, Cornwall.

HOVE. For happy comfortable holidays, 4 mins. sea & lawns. H. & C. Excellent food. Terms from 5*gns.* 18 Rutland Gardens. Tel: Hove 39389.

INNSBRUCK, Tyrol. B. & B. 8*s.* 6*d.* English spoken. Mrs. Emmi Kratochwil, 3 Pembiurstrasse, Innsbruck.

SWITZERLAND—Book now for spring and summer in 3,370 ft. high Guest House on one of the finest spots of the world. Comfort, exc. cuisine, pers. attention. Daily: Fr. 15-16.50 all incl. Write brochure: Hotel-Pension Le Cerisier—Chaux s/Montreux.

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OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel, where you find comfort and good food in lovely surroundings. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

DONEGAL Bay, Eire. Sea, mountains, village. Phibbs, Manor Cottage, Dunkineely.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. 3*s.* 6*d.*, postage 2*d.*, from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet Street, Torquay.

COSSINGTON Guest House, nr. Bridgwater, Somerset. Excel. food & bedding. Easy access sea, golf, fishing. Max. 5½*gns.*

CORNWALL. Carefree happy holiday offered by French lady in her cottage to 3 or 4 persons only. ½ mile beautiful beach, well-cooked food, real personal attention. £4 15*s.* weekly. All inclusive. Mrs. Luxemburg, 4 Vicarage Road, St. Agnes.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Commdr. H. C. Selby.

ENGLISH Lakes. Highly recommended—sunny spacious rooms, "Dorchester," 17 Southey St., Keswick.

CONNEMARA, Eire. Seaside farmhouse accommodation, recommended; 5*gns.* weekly. Mrs. Nee, Renvyle, Co. Galway.

SWITZERLAND. Hotel Pension Landte, Oberhofen a/Thunersee. Small Hotel directly by Lake. Very mod. Families welc.

CORNWALL. Trebarrock Manor & Farm. Lovely garden & beautiful scenery. Remarkably sheltered. Log fires. Jersey milk. Open all the year. Golf St. Enodoc. Salmon, trout in season. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Port Quin, Lundy Bay, Port Gaverne. Excel. cuisine & all personal comforts guaranteed. Book now. Adults 9-12*gns.* Manageress, Mrs. Accles. Port Isaac 234.

TINTAGEL, Cornwall, Trethevy Hotel. Sea Views, Comfort (h. & c.). Home Ckg. Reduced terms Apr. May. Brochure.

WHY not visit the Lake District for your holiday this year? Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, offers magnificent views, attractive food and comfort in friendly atmosphere. Conferences and parties welcome. Anne Horner. Phone 508.

TAKE advantage of the Cold War between the Hoteliers of Chagford, Devon, and write for competitive terms, from the Secretary, Chagford Hotels Association.

CO. GALWAY, Clifden, Rock Glen Hotel. A.A., R.I.A.C., I.T.B. Country hse. touring centre for 12 Bens of Connemara. Broch.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position, ideal for Winter and Spring Holidays. Rye 2216.

DARTMOOR, within easy reach of coast. Walking, fishing, golf, riding and tennis available. Lovely garden, good food, home produce. Coombe Cross Hotel, Bovey Tracey.

N. WALES. A few paying guests taken in old manor house. Magnificent views of Snowdonia, 3 miles sea, own tennis & fishing on estate, use of library. Own produce, every comfort. Terms 7*gns.* inclusive. Use of car by arrangement. Box 7108.

FARM Holidays: 1953 Guide describing "Britain's Best Farm Houses." Pages of pictures. 2*s.* 8*d.* post free. Farm Guide, Dept. NSN, 49 Broomlands, Paisley.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

"FINEST All-Season Climate." Write for town/N informative Brochures (21 illus.). Heated twin rooms 4½/6½*gns.*, incl. "extras." Singles £5 18*s.* up. Convalescents welcome. Rec. by readers, also members Rotary, Toc H, W.V.S. Meat/fish/vegetarian. Well appd. Normanhurst, P/hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best pos., full S; opp. covered walk. 3-mile Prom. Nr. Sun-lounge orchestra; curative baths. Hastings 4784.

SWISS Holiday. Hotel Moy, Oberhofen on Lake Thun, offers special 10-day terms of £15 all inclusive for front room with balcony from May 1 to July 15 and in September and October. Prospectus on request.

DEVON & Cornwall. Ideal early holidays. Comf. Guest Hses. From £5 5*s.* wk. inc. Brochure 18 free: Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish.

MIEDERS, Tyrol, Austria. Hotel Lerchenhof. 40 mins. bus ride from Innsbruck. Big garden, swimming bath and tennis court nr. hotel. Lovely Spring flowers, excel. ckg. May and June Austr. Sch. 55.-p.d., July & August Austr. Sch. 60.-, taxes & serv. incl.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Spring is the time to enjoy the country. Low terms Apl./June. Good food. Comfort. One visit and you will come again. Te Whare Hotel, Horam (Eastbourne Line). Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

PEMBROKESHIRE. — Mrs. Williams, "Maendewi Farm," Rhodiad, St. David's. Good food, mod. convs., beach 1½ miles.

EXMOOR. Sea. Guests. Lovely views, farm produce. Holmes, Westwood, Lynton.

LAKE Garda, Italy. Hotel Centrale, Fasano (Gardone Riviera). The small hotel with the increasing reputation for service & food. Pension 23*s.* daily, incl. service. English spoken. For details please write Box 6912.

DEVON, Woolacombe. "Sea-View" guesthouse for carefree homely holiday. Phone 44. Bathe from house, ideal surf-riding, tennis. H. & C. all bedrms. Int. sprung mattresses. Mod. terms. Mrs. G. Garness. (Also furn. bungalow to let Apr., May, June.)

CORNWALL (South). A few paying guests taken in country house near to Kynance Cove, Cadgwith. The Lizard. Box 7456.

SUNNY Corner of Kent; Spend Easter at Fiveways Hotel, Tankerton-on-Sea. Nr. Sea. Lge. grnds., secluded. 1st rate fd., comf. bedrms. Easy reach Canterbury. Mod. A.A. appd./R.A.C. listed. Whitstable 3243H.

SEA Palling, Norfolk. Restful hols., bracing air, extensive sands; gd. food (vegn. optl.), nr. Broads. Woodbine Guest Hse.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel. Loveliest position on sunny Cornish coast. Every comfort: "Home" cooking. A.A. recommended.

SKYE. Dunollie Hotel, Broadford. Completely modernised—opens May. Send for brochure: Hilditch. Broadford 253.

COTE D'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with 1st class French cuisine. All modern comforts. Own cabin cruiser and car. Illus. brochure—Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

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CORNWALL, Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea. H. & C. bedrooms. Farm produce, excel. food. Mod.

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WEST Riding County Council. The West Riding Education Committee invite applications from suitably qualified men or women for the post of Art Adviser in Schools. Candidates should be qualified teachers of Art and experience in different types of schools and with children of all ages is desirable. Experience in lecturing and in the conduct of teachers' courses will be an added recommendation. Salary scale, for men £700 × £25 – £850 and for women £630 × £20 – £750. In fixing the commencing salary allowance may be made for outstanding qualifications or experience. The post is pensionable. It is desirable that the officer appointed should have the use of a car, for which allowance will be payable in accordance with the County Council's regulations. Further particulars and form of application from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield, to whom completed applications forms should be submitted not later than 14 days after this advertisement appears.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Applications are invited for the vacant Lectureship in the Department of Ancient History and Archæology. The appointment will be made in Grade III at a commencing salary according to experience and qualifications. Candidates will be required to possess a good academic qualification in Ancient History, a sound knowledge of Romano-British Archæology, and experience of field work. Applications (9 copies) should be forwarded to the Assistant Registrar, The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3, to reach him not later than April 15, 1953. No testimonials are required, but applicants should submit the names of three referees. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned.—C. G. Burton, Secretary, University, Birmingham, 3.

UNIVERSITY College of North Staffordshire. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer in Education. The candidate should have good qualifications and teaching experience in English. A higher degree in Education would be an advantage, and candidates should be able to take part in the courses in the Theory of Education and, if possible, Educational Psychology. The salary range for Assistant Lecturers is £450 × £25 – £500, with a special allowance of £25 per annum, and for Lecturers, £550 × £50 – £1,100, with an efficiency bar at £800. F.S.S.U. privileges are available and children's allowances of £50 per child are paid. If the successful candidate is placed in the Lecturer grade, the commencing salary would not be above £600. The appointment will be from September 1, 1953. Further information should be obtained from the Registrar, The College, Keele, Staffs, to whom applications should be returned not later than March 28, 1953.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the following posts: (i) A probationary Assistant Lectureship in Geography, salary not less than £450 per annum. (ii) Either a probationary Assistant Lectureship in Education (salary not less than £450 per annum) or a Lectureship in Education (salary on the scale £550 × £50 – £1,100 per annum). Applicants should be able to undertake lectures in methods of teaching Biology and/or Chemistry. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom applications must be sent by March 21, 1953.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Department of Public Health and Social Medicine. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant in the Department of Public Health and Social Medicine from Graduates in Medicine, Biology, Psychology, Sociology or any other social science. Among the duties of the successful applicant will be participation in the research programme of the Senior Lecturer in Social Biology on the Social Biology and Social Medicine of the Ageing Population. Salary scale £450 by £50 to £550 per annum, with Superannuation Benefit and Family Allowance where applicable. Applications, with testimonials and including the names of two referees, should be lodged with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained.—Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

SOCIAL Research: Applications are invited by a Family Casework Agency in the London Area for the position of Research Worker with "Problem Families." A degree or diploma in sociology, with research experience, is required, and the position will involve working with a social caseworker in analysing the case material collected. The appointment will be for one year with the possibility of extension of time and the salary is at the rate of £500 per annum. Application forms are available from Box 7313. Closing date Saturday, March 14, 1953.

MATRON & Assistant required for coeducational school with proportion of maladjusted children. Box 7277.

EXPERIENCED, trained case-worker (woman) wanted for well-known voluntary society. Box 6588, c/o Charles Barker & Sons, Ltd., 31 Budge Row, London, E.C.4.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SHORT Service Commissions in the Instructor Branch of The Royal Navy. Applications are invited from University Graduates and qualified teachers under 36 years of age for Short Service Commissions of 3, 4 or 5 years in the Instructor Branch, Royal Navy. Requirements are mainly for Officers with qualifications in Mathematics, Science (Physics, Chemistry, Metallurgy) or Engineering, but a few vacancies exist for Officers with qualifications in History or English with a sound Mathematics or Science background. After two years' service, officers will be eligible for selection for permanent commissions. A Short Service engagement in the Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under the National Service Acts. Entry will be in two grades. Selected candidates with 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degrees receive approximately £410 in their first year's service, £429 in second year, £548 in third and fourth years, £584 in fifth year. Other candidates receive £319 in first year, £392 in second and third years, £429 in fourth and fifth years. Previous officer service will be recognised for adjustment of seniority and rate of pay on entry. Accommodation and rations are provided or allowances in lieu. Married Officers if aged 25 or over receive Marriage Allowance of £338 per annum if not accommodated in official married quarters. £283 per annum if they are so accommodated. Married Officers under the age of 25 receive Marriage Allowance of £146 per annum but are not entitled to be accommodated in Official married quarters. An initial Outfit Allowance of £115 is paid, together with a free issue of certain articles of clothing. A reduced allowance is payable to candidates with previous Naval Service as officers. Tax free gratuities of £300, £400 or £500 are payable at the end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instruction and general education. Officers with suitable qualifications may also be trained and appointed for full or part-time meteorological and weather forecasting duties. Service in the Instructor Branch will, in the case of officers who enter from contributory service under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts, be treated as contributory service, contributions being deducted from the above gratuities. Other officers may have their service in the Instructor Branch similarly treated if they so desire. Fuller details and application forms may be obtained from Director (P), Naval Education Service, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

PSYCHOLOGICAL Testers required for H.M. Prisons Wandsworth, London, S.W.18 and Leeds. Duties, under the direction of a Medical Officer or Psychologist, involve the carrying out of intelligence and aptitude tests, both individually and in groups. Salary Scales: (London) Men £429 by 4 increments to £495 per annum; Women £346 by 4 increments to £401 per annum. Outside London slightly less. The minimum of £479 (men) £346 (women) is linked to age 24. The starting pay of new entrants will be reduced by 1 increment for each year under that age at the date of appointment. Posts are non-pensionable. Application form and regulations from the Establishment Officer (E.84.4.15), Prison Commission, Dean Ryle Street, Westminster, S.W.1., to be returned by March 20, 1953.

FIRST-class and responsible teacher, bilingual English and German, required for small language school in Switzerland; possibility eventual partnership and succession for right person. Please send photo, full details, copies testimonials. Box 7214.

SOCIAL Service Case-Worker required. Fully experienced 25-35. Experienced Interviewer, Records. Good Typist. Office Morden (Surrey). 5 Day wk. Sal. £300 p.a. Write fully Gen. Secy., Council of Social Service, 96 London Rd., Morden, Surrey.

WANTED: Administrative and Organising Secretary required to commence duties as from July, for Zionist Women's Labour Organisation. Public speaking an asset. Own office & staff. Good remuneration for right person. Apply in writing: Pioneer Women of Great Britain, 87 Eton Ave., N.W.3.

ORGANISING Secretary wanted by Union of Girls' Schools for Social Service, Staffordshire Street, S.E.15. Some knowledge of social work, and experience of public speaking desirable. Salary according to experience. Application forms and particulars: Mrs. Charrington, Vines, Hildenboro', Kent.

PART-TIME Organising Secretary reqd. for Lambeth Civic Society. Ability to take minutes, prepare agenda, arrange publicity, etc. Honorarium: £175 p.a. Details exper., background, testimonials: Box 7145.

REQUIRED April to Oct. for small country Holiday Home for Mothers and Children, Working Matron interested in welfare. Married woman elegible. Accom. winter if required. Also seasonal domestic helper and nursery worker. Apply Warden, University Settlement, Bristol, 5.

TELEVISION Service Engineer. London, N.W.3. Good position offered to capable man. State age and experience. Box 7464.

WANTED by group practice, S. London, receptionist with nursing experience, shorthand-typist. Only persons in sympathy with the National Health Service and capable of accepting responsibility need apply. Good salary. Box 7321.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Kidbrooke Comprehensive School, Coreili Road, S.E.3. Headmistress required for this new secondary school for 2,000 girls with 13 form entry opening in September, 1954, probably to take up duty for preliminary planning in September, 1953. On basis of present Burnham provisions, head teacher allowance over and above assistant's scale salary will be approximately £900, making the total salary about £1,550. The school will be filled at the outset by the transfer of a grammar school, two secondary schools (one providing a four-year course and one a five-year course) and two secondary technical schools. Courses of varied kinds and lengths will be provided, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels) and some leading to advanced courses in commerce, needlecraft and house craft. There will be a deputy headmistress with a substantial special allowance, and adequate provision for other posts of special responsibility. The headmistress will have the assistance of a full-time senior administrative officer with secretarial staff. A person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and a strong interest in the whole field of secondary education is looked for. Apply on form EO.TS10/Kidbrooke obtainable from Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, S.E.1. Closing date March 25.

SHEFFIELD Council of Social Service. Wanted: qualified and experienced Caseworker; ability to train students, will also act as Assistant Secretary to the Council. Salary to be discussed, but not less than £500 per annum. Apply, giving two testimonials and one referee, to The General Secretary, 155, Norfolk Street, Sheffield, 1.

PERSON of initiative to develop bkshop./stationery bus. N.W.5. Box 7363.

EXACTING but interesting position for young lady in Central London Political Offices. Work includes responsibility to Executive Officer for administering Speakers' service, assistance in producing small journal, despatch of press releases, some research filing, etc. Preference to applicant with no ties owing to possible irregularity of hours on occasions. Salary 87s. at 19, 97s. at 20, 125s. at 21, rising to 143s. at 26. Keeness to train and personality more important than age or experience. Box 7322.

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SECRETARY shorthand-typist reqd. by City business firm. Accom. and salary offered. Modern flat, West-End block. Must be prepared to travel. Write in full detail: A. T. Smith, 421 Parkwest, London, W.2.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for permanent posts in London; also for occasional work on our Emergency Staff (£6 10s., 10-5, no Sats.). Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

HOLIDAY help (not domestic) for 3 school children, 6-11 yrs. wtd. for April. Nr. Bath; suit foreign/stud. Box 7293.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG man, 28, 7yrs. U.S.A. Ph.D. Psychology (Chicago), fluent German, good French, int. in arts (literary work published) seeks situation May-Sept. Teach, travel, write. Suggestions welcome. Box 7165.

YNG. West African political student speaking Engl., French, sks. interesting temporary job. Days, 83 Fordwych Rd., N.W.2.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

SCHOLARSHIPS

A LIMITED number of scholarships for music, drama, ballet and arts students are being granted by the French Government for 10 months study in France beginning September, 1953. Applications should be sent to the Cultural Attaché at the French Embassy, 22 Wilton Crescent, S.W.1.

CO-OPERATIVE College, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire. Principal—R. L. Marshall, O.B.E., M.A. At the adult residential College, which includes a department of social studies, the following scholarships are available for session 1953-54: (1) National Scholarships of the value of £185 each to cover a full session of three terms. (2) Jubilee Research Scholarship of the value of £280-£300 for research into the development of the Co-operative Movement. Full information and forms of entry from College Administrative Officer. Forms of entry to be returned by April 11, 1953.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Cambridge Journal"—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. March issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

YOU must read Andrew Ruthstein's article "Marxism and 'The Times Literary Supplement'" in the March issue of "The Modern Quarterly." 3s. (from Central Books, 2 Parton St., W.C.1.).

"PARIS To-day" by Eric Whelpton 10s. 6d. net. Readers agree this book saves money. From any bookseller, published by Rockliff, Salisbury Square, E.C.4.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

"EASTERN World," the leading monthly on S.E. Asia, Far East. £1 5s. p.a., single copies 2s. 45 Dorset St., W.1.

"VEDANTA for East & West" (bi-monthly). Editorial advisers: Dr. Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Mr. Kenneth Walker, F.R.C.S., & Sir John Stewart-Wallace. Ed.: Swami Ghanananda. Ann. sub. 15s. Write Rk. Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10.

NEW! "The Jewish Quarterly." 100 pages of "creative reading." (Editor J. Sonntag). 2s. 6d. From newsagents or direct from The Publisher, 11 The Park, London, N.W.11.

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"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity"—A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended."—Daily Mail. By post 8s. from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold—Continental Book Supply, 38a Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

BOOKS, second-hand, posted. Write for free lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

THE Fabian Bookshop, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1, stocks all the best books on Politics, Economics and Sociology.

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GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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EXPERT tuition in Maths. and Science, all exams. 20 Berwyn, S.E.24. TUL. 4352.

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EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

PROGRESSIVE League Easter Conference, April 2-6. Grittleton, Chippenham, Wilts. Subject: Man and his Environment. Speakers, Dr. Russell (Agriculture), C. Donald Wilson (Soil Fertility), L. Minchin (Fuel), C. Carter (Eugenics), Dr. Senft (Man and Technology). Fees, members, £4 4s.; non-members, £4 12s. 6*d*. Details from Dr. E. A. Seeley, Municipal College, Bournemouth.

SOCIETY for Education in Art: Annual Conference at Bishop Otter College, Chichester, from August 27-September 6, 1953. It will take the form of a nine-day working party in the following basic crafts: Spinning, Weaving, Pottery, Metalwork, Woodwork, Stone-carving, Modelling and Kiln Building. Fee, including full board-residence, tuition and materials, 15*gns*. Open to anyone interested; friends from abroad particularly welcome. All enquiries to Conference Secretary, 30 Hart Grove, W.5.

COPENHAGEN Summer crses. on Danish life & culture. For partics.: Anglo-Danish Students Bureau, 71/72 Piccadilly, W.1.

THE French Universities are organising holiday courses in Paris, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Caen, Cannes, Dijon, Grenoble, Montpellier, Nice, Pau, La Rochelle, Saint-Malo, Strasbourg, Tours. For particulars apply to the Cultural Attaché to the French Embassy, 22 Wilton Crescent, London, S.W.1.

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PERSONAL—continued

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BARCELONA, Seville, Madrid. June 1-14. Few seats still available in station wagon. Interesting route Morella, Mojacar and other unlikely places. Outlay £35-£40 each. Write Box 7200.

TRAVELLING companion for lady, or family help, anywhere abroad. Girl aged 18, dramatic student, free July-Sept. Box 7141.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

PRINCES Tem 6596. Evgs. 7.45. Wed. 2.30. Sat. 5.30, 8.30. Constance Cummings, Sam Wanamaker, in "The Shrike." "Gripping . . terrific . . you must see it." N.O.W.

UNITY (EUS. 5391) Political Revue "Turn it Up!" Wed.-Sun. 7.30. Mems.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place, N.1 (nr. Islington Town Hall). Tavistock Rep. in Denis Cannan's "Captain Carvallo," at 7.30, March 6, 7, 12, 13, 14, 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., bookable. CAN. 5111 after 7.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Twice nightly (except Mon.), 7.30 & 10.30 (Sundays 6.30 & 9.30). The famous Victorian Melodrama, "The Drunkard." During the run, every new member will be allowed a free ticket on enrolment. Enrol now! Annual mem. 5s.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.). St. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Father." Mems. 5s. yrly.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sun. Mar. 8 to Wed. Mar. 11, 5.30, 8. Wed. Mat. 2.30 (Members only). Charlie Chaplin and Mabel Normand programme: "Mickey," "The Immigrant," etc. Sat. Mar. 7, open to public: 3-Dimensional Films. Doors 12. Details membership: British Film Institute, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Clair Season. Until further notice: "A Nous La Liberté" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Mar. 8, 7.30, "Anni Difficili" (U) (Italian).

ILFORD New Era Film Society (VAL. 8406) in conjunction with Ilford Trades Council, Tuesday, March 10, 8 p.m. at Seven Kings Library Hall: "The Stars Look Down." Supporting programme.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Dance, Saturday, March 7, 1953, at 7.30 p.m. at the Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., off Southampton Row, W.C.1. Admission 4s.

DANCES Hampstead I.F.I. Sats. March 7 & 28 at Rosslyn Hall, Willoughby Rd., High Street, Hampstead. 7.30 to 11.30.

SAILING Barge moored adj. Tower Pier. Glencoe Arts Club. Dancing Fri., March 6. Mems. 1s. 6d., Guests 2s. Every Sat. & Wed. dancing to 3 Boys and a Bonga. Mems. 2s., Guests 3s. Tues., March 10, Dancing to Billy Kaye and his Afro-Dizziacs (Fire-eating). Life class every Sat. 2-4 p.m., 2s. 6d. Bar open daily 5-11. ROY. 1653.

HAMPSTEAD Artists: Mad Hatters' Party, Sat., March 14 at Studio House, Rosslyn Hill. Band, refreshments, prizes for maddest hats. Surprise item. Adm. 3s. 8.30-12.

RAKOSI Birthday Party on March 8 at 7.30 at 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Medvedeff's Balalaika Ensemble; Isla Cameron, folk songs; Hungarian food & refreshments. Adm. British-Hungarian Friendship Society members 2s.; guests 2s. 6d.

OPERA Circle, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Sun., March 8, at 8 p.m. Reizenstein's "Anna Kraus," intro. by Douglas Cleverdon with composer; Sladen, Lumsden, Parsons, Strauss-Smith. Partics.: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8. WES. 7513.

CONCERTS

SUNDAY, March 8 at 7.30, Royal Festival Hall. London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Anthony Collins, soloist Louis Kaufman. Mozart Overture, Schubert Symphony (Grand Duo) trans. Collins, 1st perf. Collins Violinconcerto Op. 48, Sibelius Symphony No. 7. 3s. 6d. to 15s. WAT. 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sat., March 14, at 6 p.m., Handel's "Messiah" in its entirety with original accompaniments. London Choral Society. Kalmar Chamber Orch. John Tobin. 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. WATerloo 3191 & Agents.

MACNAGHTEN New Music Group, Monday, March 9, at 7.30 p.m. Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Myra Verney, Norman Franklin, George Draper, Dorothy Manley, Anne Macnaghten, Arnold Ashby. Works by Arnold, Exton, Jones, Maconchy, Wood. Admission 3s. 6d. at door.

BEETHOVEN & Bartok. Queen Mary Hall Music Club presents New London String Quartet, Wed., Mar. 11, 7.30. Beethoven Ops. 95 & 132, Bartok No. 3. Seats 4s., 2s. 6d. Box Off. Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Gt. Russell St. W.C.1. Mus. 7512.

SUMMER School of Music (Bryanston 1949-52). Director of Music: William Glock. August 1 to 29, 1953 at Dartington Hall, Devon. Artists include: Fischer-Dieskau, Georges Enesco, Vegh & Amadeus Quartets, Nederlands Kammerkoor, Kalmar Orchestra. Send 2½d. stamp for Prospectus to Sec., John Amis, 29a Holland Villas Rd., London, W.14.

CHELSEA Town Hall, March 16, at 7.30 p.m. Martin Lawrence, bass; Anna Pollak (by permission Sadlers Wells), Mezzo Soprano; Cecil Turner, pianoforte. Works include Beethoven, Chopin, Boyd, Dibdin, Handel, Haydn. Tickets 10s. 6d to 2s. 6d.: Natnl. Council for Civil Liberties, 46 Westbourne Gr., W.2, BAY. 1984, or at door.

WIGMORE Hall, Fri., Mar. 13, at 7.30. Ingpen & Williams, Ltd., announce Song Recital by Halinka de Tarczynska with Ernest Lush, Pianoforte. Programme includes 1st perf. in England of Chansons Orientales by Badings. 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall. WEL. 2141, and agents.

CONCERTS—continued

ROYAL Festival Hall. Recital rm. Tues., Mar. 17, 8.15. Jean Doyen, Piano Recital of works by Rameau, Dukas, Fauré, Ravel. 8s., 5s., res., 2s. 6d. unres. WAT. 3191.

PIANO Recital (Mozart, Beethoven, Reger) by Erik Then-Bergh of Munich. Thurs., March 12, at 8 p.m. Musicians' Benevolent Fund, 7 Carlos Pl., W.1. Tickets from Anglo-German Assocn., 43 Parliament St., S.W.1 (WHI. 3392).

VICTORIA & Albert Museum, S.W.7. This Sun. at 8. English Opera Group presents Monique Haas, Peter Pears, Hughes Cuenod, George Malcolm. Duets by Purcell, Monteverdi and Lennox Berkeley (First performance). Piano Music by Scarlatti, Ravel, Debussy. Tickets 9s., 6s., 3s., from Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1, and at Museum from 6.15 on Sunday.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. British and French Contemporaries: a selection from Mr. R. May's collection; and Paintings by André Dauchant.

NEW Burlington Gallery, Ent. Old Burlington St., W.1. W.I.A.C. Annual Exhibition of Paintings & Sculpture. Feb. 20 to March 10 incl., open 10-6 daily incl. Sats., Tues. & Thurs. 10-8.

DRAWINGS for Pictures. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till March 7. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Adm. free.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, London, W.1. Pottery and Ceramics by Wolfgang Meyer-Michael.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Exhibitions of recent paintings by Alan Reynolds; Fred Uhlman; and important Pointillist Paintings. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Ending March 21.

YOUNG Contemporaries, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., February 25-March 10. Daily 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sundays 2-6 p.m.

BUILDING in the Netherlands, Royal Institute of British Architects, 66 Portland Place, W.1. Till March 28. Monday-Fridays 10-7, Saturdays 10-5. Admission free.

GALERIE Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Opposite St. Martin's Theatre and the Ivy. Paintings by James Dring. March 4-25, 11-7, incl. Sats.

EXHIBITION of graphic art from Poland: Tadeusz Kulisiewicz at the A.I.A. Galleries, 15 Lisle Street, W.C.2. March 3-21, daily 11-6 incl. Sats. Adm. free.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Wonder & Horror of the Human Head. Daily 11-6. Sats. 11-5, Sunday 2-6.

MEXICAN Art. An Arts Council Exhibition arranged with the Mexican Government. Tate Gallery. Open till April 26. Weekdays 10-9, Sundays 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d., after 6 p.m. 1s. 6d.

THE Italian Book 1465-1900: Exhibition at National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1. (1465-1800) & Italian Institute, 39 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. (1800-1900). 11-5 Mon.-Sat., Wed. 11-8 (II). Thurs. 11-8 (N.B.L.). Admission 2s.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Important French Masters of the 19th and 20th Cent. Recent purchases. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1

REMBRANDT'S Influence in the 17th Century. Loan Exhibition at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond Street, 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until April 2. Adm. 2s. 6d., in aid of the victims of the Dutch floods.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. J. M. W. Turner, R.A. 1775-1851. Daily 11-6, Sun. 2-6. Closed Mon., Last Day Mar. 15.

THE Arcade Gallery, 28 Old Bond St., W.1. Reg. 1879. "The Age of Exuberance"; Italian, Flemish and Spanish Pictures from 1580 to 1680.

IRVING Galls., 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Dennis James, Water Colours, Jane Moore, Oils. Feb. 28-Mch. 21, 10-5 (Sat. 10-12).

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Yves Alix (First Exhibition in England) and Eugene Boudin.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth; British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon., Mar. 9, 7.45, at the French Institute. Raimu in "La Femme Du Boulanger." Bookable members only from I.C.A. Gallery. Tues., Mar. 10, 8.30. Paul Klee illustrated lecture by Will Grohmann, well-known Berlin Art Critic. Victoria & Albert Museum (ent. Exhibition Rd.). Mems. 2s. Guests 3s. Students 1s. Tickets must be obtained in advance from I.C.A.

BARBARA Castle, M.P., and Jon Kimche on "Socialist Policy and Middle Eastern Oil," Kingsway Hall, Sat., March 14, 2.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. from Fabian International Bureau, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

IT Can Be Peace. Cecily Cook (Women's Co-op. Guilds), H. W. Franklin, N.U.R., Percy Hartill (Archdeacon, Stoke-on-Trent), Minnie Pallister, Victor Yates, M.P. Chairman: Sybil Morrison. Central Hall, Westminster, Friday, March 27, 7.30 p.m. Buffet and Bookstall, 6.30 p.m. Admission free. Reserved 2s. 6d. Apply Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1. EUS. 5501.

AFRICA'S Problems and their Solution: Solly Sachs, ex-General Secretary, Garment Workers' Union, South Africa, Vera Brittain, F. Elwyn Jones, M.P. Chair: Lord Faringdon. Monday, March 16, 1953, at 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, W.C.1. Admission free. Organised by Union of Democratic Control, 21 Strutton Ground, S.W.1 (ABBey 3770).

"NO War on China." A rally of the Labour Movement organised by "The Socialist Outlook." Holborn Hall, Sunday, March 15, 2.30 p.m. Speakers Sydney Silverman, M.P., Dr. S. Jeger, M.P., Harold Davies, M.P., John Lawrence. Adm. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., March 11 at 7.30 p.m. A Discussion Meeting on "A Reformed Second Chamber," leader Barbara Laslett. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

AFRICA Crisis. Public Meeting Socialist Christian League, Tues., March 10, 7.30. St Pancras Town Hall. Anthony Greenwood, M.P., H. Muroia (a Kikuyu), Reg. Groves, Rev. F. de Jonge and Jack Boggis. Adm. 6d.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assoc. Mon. March 9. Mr. Philip Sansom will speak on "Anarchism." Arts Theatre Club, 5-6 Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2, at 8 p.m. Refreshments. Visitors 2s.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. At 7 p.m. Three lectures "Between the Elizabeths": March 12 The People: Stella Mary Pearce. March 17 The Homes: Elizabeth Martin-Clarke. March 24 The Arts: Eric Newton.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., March 12, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in French by Prof. Guy de Poerck, Univ. Ghent. Subject: "Une Enigme Anglo-Belge: Jean de Mandeville." Admission free.

PHILOSOPHICAL Society of England. Lecture at Caxton Hall, S.W.1, at 7.15 p.m., March 12. Captain J. F. Hutchings on "The Great Whole" (Oriental Philosophy). Admission Free; Non-Members.

DR. B. P. Allinson, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. will speak on "Need We Vivisect?" Chairman: Frank Tyldesley, March 13, 8.15. All welc. No colln. London Br., Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. March 8 "Reincarnation, Memory, Heredity." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington/Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Road.

BRAINS Trust on Czechoslovakia. Expert Team. Your questions answered. British-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1, Tues., March 10, at 7.45. All welc.

H. J. Blackham: "Man should be creator, not worshipper." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., March 8, 6.30.

PERSONALIST Group. Bruce Wavell on "Logical Positivism Explained." Conway Hall, Wednesday, March 11 at 7.30 p.m.

"BYZANTIUM." Jack Lindsay. Thurs., Mar. 12, 7.30. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.)

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. March 14 at 6 p.m. Spelling Bee.

"THE Anatomy of Laughter." A lecture will be given by A. A. Thomson for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Mar. 9, at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10: (i) Meditation & Discourse at the Centre every Sun., 5 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30, March 12, "Spiritual Instructions for Beginners"; March 19, "Mantra and Meditation."

NATIONAL Dances of Poland: talk by Peter Brinson; films, Fri., Mar. 6, 8 p.m., for tickets apply: Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1. LAN. 1417.

"LIFE in Soviet Russia." Questions answered by former citizens. Chenil Galleries, adj. Chelsea Tn. Hall, Kings Rd., S.W.3. Mon., March 16, 8 p.m. Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Mar. 8: Prof. T. H. Pear, M.A., B.Sc., "The Function and Duties of Psychologists To-day." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s.

POETRY at the Prince's Head, Storey's Gate, S.W.1 (nr. Central Hall). Every Sunday at 7.30. March 8: Metaphysical Poets.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7 p.m. Tuesday, Mar. 10. Alec Craig, "Recent Book Banning." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group. 7.15 p.m. Friday, Mar. 6. M. Pickering "Modern Literature."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

SCIENCE for Peace Annual Conference, Sat. (2.30) & Sun., Mar. 14-15, Holborn Hall, W.C.1. Opening spkr.: Dr. R. L. M. Synge, F.R.S. "The Scientist's Responsibilities." All scientists welc. 5s at door or dels. from Hon. Sec., 49 Flower Lane, N.W.7.

BRITISH Sociological Association. Annual Conference March 27-29 in London. Topic: "Social Policy and the Social Sciences." Opening address by Gunnar Myrdal. Group discussions on Health; Design and Planning; and Needs and Standards in the Social Services. Further particulars from Secretary, 13 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "Australian History" will be delivered by Professor J. A. La Nauze (Melbourne) at 5.30 p.m. on March 10, 11 and 12 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled "The Helladic Antecedents of the Greeks" will be given by Professor C. W. Blegen (Cincinnati) at 5.30 p.m. on March 10, 12 and 16 at the Institute of Archaeology, Regent's Park, N.W.1. Admission free, without ticket.

GRESHAM College, Basinghall St., E.C.2. Four lectures on "The Augustan Attitude to Nature" will be given by the Professor in Rhetoric, Nevill Coghill, Esq., M.A., on Mon. to Thurs., Mar. 9 to 12. The lectures are free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

THE Buddhist Society. Special Course of Three Public Lectures on Fundamental Questions in Buddhism, at Caxton Hall, S.W.1, 6.30. (III) Wed., March 11: "What is Nirvana?" Mr. P. Mehta.

URCHFONT Manor. Selected Courses, April 2-8: Easter Course—"Existentialism." Meaning, origins, literature, against background of modern thought. May 2-8: "Europe and the Iron Curtain." A critical review of the possibilities of drawing back the "curtain," and of Toynbee's warning on Western materialism. Details full Summer Prog.: Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes.

SCIENCE and/or Religion. Mar. 13-16. Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Jointly with Personalists. "Can we face the truth?" S. Pollock. "A psychologist's view of religion." J. N. Glaister. "A criticism of psychologism." J. Coates. "Psychology and/or religion." P. Fletcher. "Priest and psychologist: can they co-operate?" Mrs. Von der Heydt.

NEW World University Centre. Interested in labour, social, management and Trade Union problems? Join our study centre. Lectures, discussions, visits, meeting experts, etc. Inaugural session, Sat., March 7, 2 p.m. 9 Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3. Subsequent meetings each Wednesday, 7 p.m. Cost 3gns. Enrol at your first lecture. Certificates of attendance issued.

GOING Abroad this year? The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

CORONATION Year students joining the Langham Secretarial College before Summer Term will receive an extra month's tuition free of charge for tours and background lectures. Enrol now. Vacancies limited. Prospectus: Principal, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. (MAY. 2904.)

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More Classified Adverts on Pages 275, 277-8-9

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